

SPECIAL CORPS CADETS DAY NUMBER

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH
GENERAL

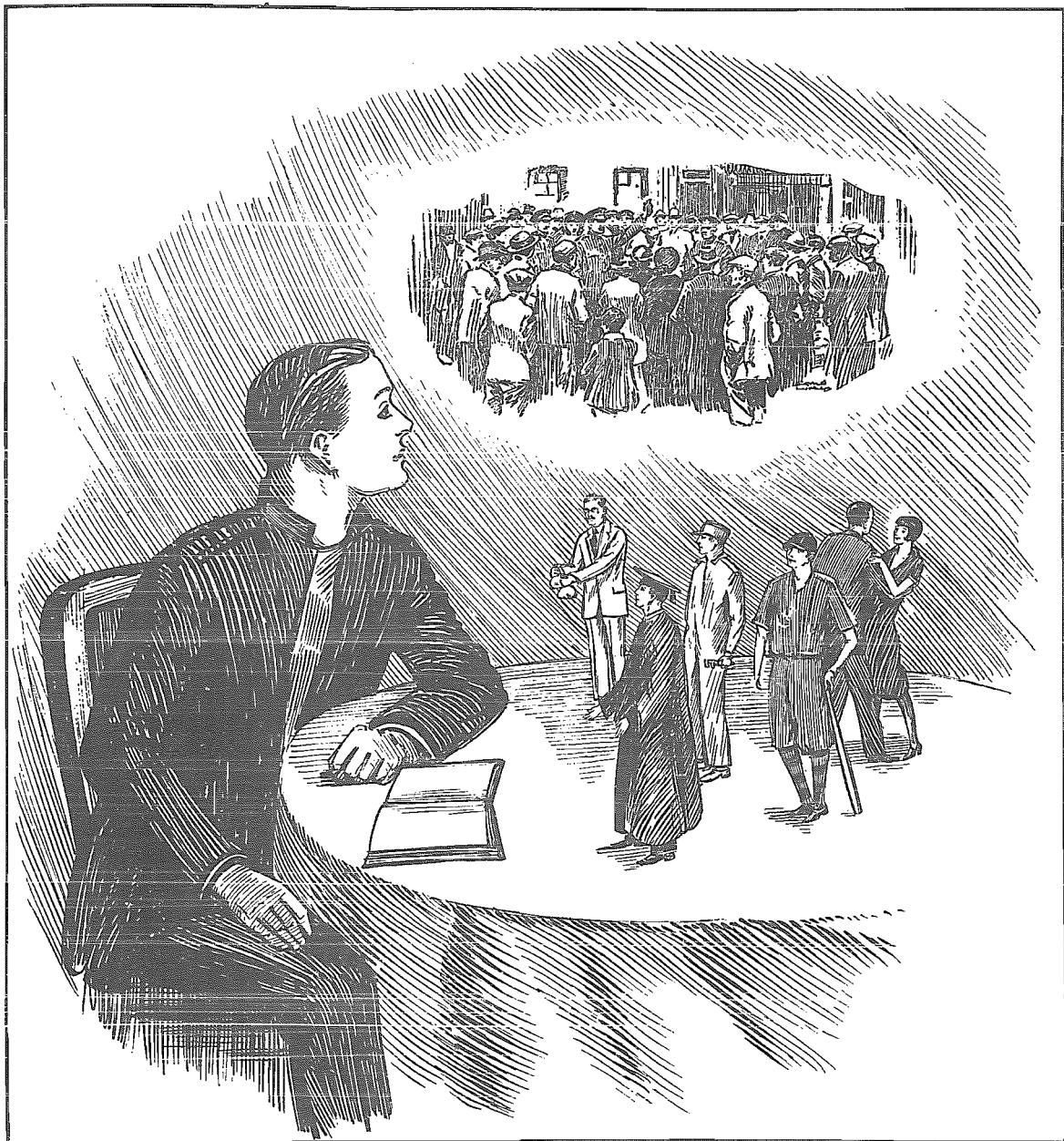
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts"—
The world is so near at hand;
But a life in God's Will shall serve me best
When before Him at last I stand.

CORPS CADETS DAY, NOV. 27TH

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, 1 Thessalonians 4: 1-18. "Do your own business . . . work with your own hands." Not an exciting command, but one that was practical and necessary. Some of these Christians had become careless and lazy and wandered about doing nothing. Their excuse was that as the Lord was coming soon, work was unnecessary. Paul wanted them to work busily so that when the Lord returned He would find them ready. His advice fits us well today.

Monday, 1 Thessalonians 5: 1-13. "Let us watch and be sober." Paul wanted his readers to be on their guard, and his advice is as valuable to us today. To be "sober" does not only mean to avoid being drunk with wine, but it means also to avoid those extreme conditions of mind, in which people are either on the mountain top, or in the depths of despair. Ask God to help you to keep sober, steady, reliable today, whatever trials you may have to meet.

Tuesday, 1 Thessalonians 5: 14-28. "In everything give thanks." How much we all like a grateful person, one who appreciates what is done for him! And how we dislike those who take all benefits as a matter of course! God wants us to be thankful for everything we receive. Some one in her testimony said that since her conversion she had learned to say "please" and "thank you".

Wednesday, 2 Thessalonians 1: 1-12. "That we may be counted worthy of the Kingdom . . . for which ye also suffer." Has the way been so hard lately that you feel very depressed. Take comfort from those of whom we read today. Their faith was born in a riot, and continued strong in the face of bitter persecution and trial. God never failed them, and He never will fail you.

Thursday, 2 Thessalonians 2: 1-17. "Our Father which hath loved us . . . comfort your hearts." There is no comfort in heathenism, and many of these Thessalonian converts had been idol-worshippers. They had been full of fear and terror of their idols, but never dreamed of getting love and comfort from them. Paul wanted them to understand something of the perfect love which the God of comfort had for each of them.

Friday, 2 Thessalonians 3: 1-18. "The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means." Only God can do this! Sometimes when we long for heart-peace we think we should get it if we could only change our surroundings. But "the Lord of Peace" can give it to us now in our present circumstances by the very "means" which fret and try us so badly. If the peace of your soul has been disturbed, pause a moment and ask Him to restore it to you in fullness and then the "means" themselves will become a blessing.

Saturday, Exodus 1: 1-14. "Israel afflicted in Egypt." But for their troubles Israel might have wanted to settle down in Egypt and have forgotten their God and become idol-worshippers. So earthly troubles and sorrows make us long for the beautiful place God is preparing for us.

Corps Cadets I Have Known



("D.O.J.")

place through the influence of the Corps Cadet Brigade. However it is, I always have the feeling, prejudiced though I may be, that the best part of The Army is the Corps Cadet Brigade. Such splendid Officers, such sturdy fighting Soldiers, such dependable Locals—all recruited from the ranks of the Corps Cadet Brigade. You think I am speaking without my book! It's an absolute fact, for I have proved it.

Corps Cadet Sundays always remind me of the Corps Cadet Brigade from which I graduated, and the dreaded and feared (and longed-for) Corps Cadet Sundays that were like a nightmare until the Saturday night before, and on the actual day were seasons of blessing such as we never experienced in any other Meetings—wonderful days!

Such a crowd we were! Our fiery little Scotch Assistant-Guardian despaired of us many a time; she was so anxious for the Kingdom, so enthusiastic, so ready of speech in the Open-Air Meetings on the platform, and we were so diffident and nervous; so shy and backward. But her example had its effect on us. Today she is in the Glory-land, but her Corps Cadets are scattered round the world fighting in the war she loved so well.

To-day, an Officer

I remember some of them; those that some of us, in our superior wisdom, thought the least smart of the whole Brigade; the little servant-girl whose only "evening out" was Wednesday, and who gave most of her spare time to laboriously doing her Lessons, who stuttered and stammered when it came to giving out a song, and whose grammar, we thought, was a laughable matter, when it came to testifying. With the years the Corps Cadet influences surrounded and helped her, and today she is an Officer, and a good one too.

One of my sister-Corps Cadets is a Missionary Officer now. It seems so long ago since she left the Brigade for the Training Garrison; since with a big thrill in our hearts we saw her commissioned for service in China. How we thought of her, and prayed for her, and waited for news of her. A Missionary—and yet she was only a Corps Cadet!

We had boys in our Brigade too—some of them were Senior Bandsmen, but they came to the Corps Cadet Open-Air Meeting on Sunday night, and how we girls welcomed their instruments and strong, ringing voices. And now one of those

self-same boys—and they were not angels, although they were Corps Cadets—is an Officer, and a Divisional Scout Organiser. The Corps Cadet Brigade is a splendid Training ground for any kind of Army warfare.

Looking back on those days now it seems that I could take each single Corps Cadet, and each story would be a proof of the blessedness of Corps Cadetship—but there were forty or more of us—it would take too long. Three of them are Sergeants in the Training Garrison, and yet those three were not any more remarkable, or clever, or capable than some of the others in the Brigade—but they were good Corps Cadets; many more are Officers.

One of the Three

What better preparation for good, sympathetic, understanding, sanctified Corps Cadet Guardians could there be than in the Corps Cadet Brigade itself. Out of that forty, three have reached that God-honored position, for such it is, of that am convinced, and surely I should know, for I am one of the three. Where I should have been, and what I should have done but for the Corps Cadet Brigade, I do not know. From the first days it opened to me a wide field of usefulness; taught me to know myself; taught me to use myself in the interests of others; taught me to pray, to speak, to testify, to be a Salvationist in every sense of the word.

And of the Corps Cadets in my own Brigade (the best there is) there are just as good stories to tell. How weak and trembling they were when they first started; how helpless, even when it came to giving out a song, or a simple testimony. But now they are all keyed up for Corps Cadet Sunday, or, indeed, any other Sunday, never afraid to speak for Jesus—and all because of the Corps Cadet Brigade.

Some of them went into Training this year, (two of whom were boys) and one of whom knew nothing about The Army three years ago, and perhaps would have known little enough now, but for her Corps Cadet studies. How would she have learned about the Government of

The Army.

The Army, about doctrines and disciplines, about Regulations, many and various, if it had not been for those monthly Lessons? Oh, it's a great thing, is Corps Cadetship; as I said at the beginning, there is nothing much better for young folks in all the Organization of The Army.—D.O.J.



C.C. Guardian Mrs. Nelson, Winnipeg Citadel.

The Best Gift

Up in the far North-West a missionary was speaking to a tribe of Indians on the subject of "Conservation." When a chief arose and, walking up to the missionary, said, "Indian chief give his tomahawk to Jesus." The missionary, however, continued to speak of the love of God and giving Jesus, and of His claims on ourselves, whereupon the old chief, unwrapping his blanket from his shoulders, laid it on the preacher's feet, saying, "Indian chief give his blanket to Christ."

Again he sat down and the missionary continued. Presently the chief disappeared from the meeting, returning with his pony, offering this to the Saviour. Continuing his talk, the missionary made clear the claims of Jesus upon the lives of every one. At this the chief did the supreme thing; walking forward, he knelt down, saying, "Indian chief give himself to Jesus Christ."

Whatever we have given to Jesus, we have never given Him the best gift until we have given Him ourselves.

Love or Policy?

You cannot serve God by the debt, nor by the calendar, nor on a contract, nor for so much pay.

You cannot measure love with a yard stick, nor weigh it on scales, nor dole it out in a bushel.

Love is not subject to the weather, nor the wind, nor to moods, nor to the opinion and example of others. Love is not subject to convenience.

Love is not guided by policy, nor by logic. Love uses no figures in making up its budget. Love has no reserve fund; all balances are carried to profit and loss.

Love recognizes no debts, pays no wages, makes no partial payments. Love gives all. Love has but one heart, workshops at one shrine, lights its torch from one fire, has but one home address.

Do you serve God because it is the best policy, or do you serve out of love?

Without Carefulness

We cannot stand the strain of both work and worry. Two things come between our souls and unshadowed fellowship with God: sin and care. And we must be as resolute to cast our care on the Lord as to confess our sins to Him, if we would walk in the light as He is in the light. One yelping dog may break our slumber on the stillest night. One grain of dust in the eye will render it incapable of enjoying the fairest prospect. One care may break our peace and hide the face of God, and bring a funeral pall over our souls. We must cast all our care on Him, if we would know the blessedness of unshadowed fellowship.—Meyer.

Tenderness

A gentle word soothes anger, just as water puts out a fire, and there is no soil so barren but that tenderness brings forth some fruit. Who can be angry with those whose only weapons are pearls and diamonds? Nothing is so bitter as unripe fruit, but, when preserved, it is sweet and palatable. So reproof is naturally bitter, but mixed with the sugar of kindness and heated by the fire of charity it becomes cordial, gracious and acceptable.—Francis de Sales.

Truth Tabloids

Prayer becomes easy when we have a sense that God is searching for us, not eagerly that we are searching for Him.

The heart that loves sets no time limit to its service, nor stays to measure its gifts, for love must serve, and love must give.

Four things never come back again: the spoken word, the spent arrow, the past life and the lost opportunity.

It is easier to do wrong than to do right. Everyone knows that. The hard thing, the many thing, is to follow good and turn away from sin.

To All Young Salvationists

Have you seen

"THE WARRIOR"?—a cheerful, original, inspiring, up-to-date Magazine—read and contributed to by thousands of young men and women in many lands.

"Grows with Salvation Warmth." (a reader).

If you are wanting a problem solved; aiming for the best in life; one fighting alone; reading that which will profit yourself and others—then you will find a friend in—

"THE WARRIOR."

\$1.00 yearly. 50c for six months. Order from the Trade Secretary, 315 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

The King is coming by and bye

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton (Australia) passed these quaint lines to "The War Cry." The old negro's calm, in thus contemplating the coming of the Lord, is a challenge to the heart which it will do us all good to face.

THERE'S a King and Captain high,

Who is coming by-and-bye,

And He'll find me hoeing cotton when He comes!

You can hear His legions charging,

In the regions of the sky,

And He'll find me hoeing cotton when He comes!

When He comes! When He comes!

All the dead shall rise and answer to His drums;

And the fires of His encampment star the firmament

on high,

And the heavens shall roll asunder when He comes!

There's a Man they thrust aside,

Who was tortured till He died,

And He'll find me hoeing cotton when He comes!

He was hated and rejected,

He was scorned and crucified,

And He'll find me hoeing cotton when He comes!

When He comes! When He comes!

He'll be crowned by saints and angels when He comes;

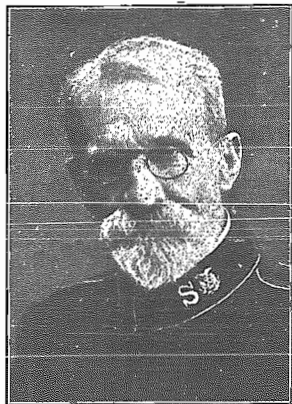
There'll be shouting out "Hozannah!" to the Man

that men denied,

And I'll kneel among my cotton when He comes!

If I Were a Corps Cadet

By Commissioner S. L. Brengle, D.D.



Commissioner Brengle.

OLD people like to tell young people what they would do if they were young again, by which they mean: "If they were young, but with wise old heads on their young shoulders. But this is a sight never yet seen. Wise old heads do not grow on young shoulders. Wisdom is piled up slowly and often painfully, by long and multiplied experience.

Old people often forget this, and they grow impatient with young people. However, the young can and should profit by the experiences of the old, and, if they will, they can grow in wisdom more rapidly than did their fathers and mothers. To do this they must be thoughtful and teachable, not stubbornly self-willed.

Shall I begin by telling you what I did when I was young? I was converted when I was thirteen, before there was a Salvation Army. There was only the Christian Mission in those days, and it was in London and I was in Illinois, so, of course, I could not be a Corps Cadet in The Salvation Army.

However, I did the best I could. I joined a little country church, where I was converted, and they at once made me librarian of the Sunday-school. My duty was to pass around the books and the Sunday-school papers. It was a small job, but it gave me a sense of responsibility that made me more careful of my behaviour than I might otherwise have been.

Studied Very Carefully

I studied the Sunday-school lesson very carefully, and at fifteen I was elected assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school; and then, to my surprise, one day when the teacher of the old men's class was absent, I was asked by the men to take the class. I did so, and that gave me more confidence in myself.

I went to all the services in the little church. They were infrequent. The preacher came only twice a month, and if it stormed he would probably miss a Sunday. But I did not miss one, so far as I now remember.

I was a bit timid about testifying, but stuck to my duty.

At seventeen I went to the university, became a Sunday-school teacher, sang in the choir and helped to start a noon-day prayer meeting, which continued for years and helped greatly in starting two revivals in which several hundred students were converted, among the number being my roommate, and that night he and I went well over the town waking the students to tell them "Jim is converted."

Now, if I were young again, I am sure I would be a Corps Cadet, and that being so, I should seek to be as active thus in the service of the Lord as I was in those far-off days of my boyhood.

But there are some points in which

I feel sure I could, and I think I would, do better.

1. I would pray more in secret. Praying in secret is not always easy, but if persevered in it becomes a joy and a source of great power. And I should try to get other Corps Cadets to pray with me. I have known Corps Cadets who met and prayed together before Meetings, and so grew strong in soul and ready in public prayer and testimony.

2. I should learn a musical instrument, especially one that would help me in my singing—a concertina, a guitar, or the piano.

3. I would sell our periodicals for the good it would do those who buy and read, for the help it would bring to The Army, and for the good it would do me in breaking down my

or wronged them in any way, I would humble myself and ask them to forgive me, for it is always manly or womanly frankly to acknowledge wrong. And more especially would I ask father and mother to forgive me.

8. I would try hard to show my religion at home by all ways of kindness, cheerfulness and helpfulness. Father and mother bear burdens and anxieties that I do not know, and they are often wearied and perplexed, and I would try not to add to their burdens, but to share them.

9. I would be reverent in Meetings, so that the Holy Spirit might not be grieved and that sinners might be made to feel that they were in God's house and in His presence.

10. Finally, I would cultivate in the

Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, [the Field Secretary, Says:-

If I were a young lad again I would be what I used to be—a Corps Cadet; and if I could take back to those days the knowledge and the youthful privilege all the joyous enthusiasm and zest that God would be pleased to give me.

I would say to myself—Here is my chance to be the man God and The Army will need me to be.

That's what I would do if I were a youth once more.

Bramwell Taylor, Brigadier.

shyness and in training me how to approach all kinds of people.

4. I would read good books, especially the lives of good and great men and women. I would try to add their large stock of wisdom gained in long years of experience to my little stock.

5. I would question my Officers and older people on all sorts of subjects, especially on matters of religious experience. I did this as a boy, but I would do more of it if I were young again.

6. If there were any whom I did not like or who had offended or wronged me, I would ask God to help me to do them a kindness, and I would make them a special subject of prayer.

7. If I had hurt anyone's feelings,

garden of my soul the three graces—faith, hope and love—remembering that faith is the root, hope is the flower, and love is the fruit.

I would cultivate love for the Lord Jesus who loved me unto death.

I would pray for love. I would search the Bible to find out all it says about love. I would guard any fire of love kindled in my heart. I would blow upon it with the breath of prayer. I would keep wide open the drafts by testimony and service. I would pile on it the fuel of God's promises, and I would fan it into flame that would warm and lighten all who came near me.

As I look down through the clear atmosphere from a mountain peak of over sixty years, I think I would do

ture, little thinking that a deep impression was being made.

Night came on. The man said to his wife, I have been troubled all day since that young man spoke in the Open-Air this morning. Something he said has properly upset me and I can't get peace any way I try.

Later they went off to bed, and still the conscience of the man was troubling him. No sleep came to him, and he was obliged to make his way downstairs and there give his heart to God, returning to his bedroom with a sense of deep peace and joy in his heart.

Is it Worth While?

This question very often arises in the minds of those who are inclined to be easily discouraged, or those who have often to stand in very small companies.

On a recent Sunday morning, not by any means comfortable for open-air fighting, the Captain and three faithful Soldiers of one Corps uplifted the name of Jesus.

In the drizzling rain and cold wind a man stood nearby and listened intently. The Captain stepped out and commenced to bear witness for his Lord after reading a portion of Scrip-

all this and more if I were a Corps Cadet. But I am sure I should not do all this, or only do it in a poor, imperfect way, unless my heart was clean; so I should seek the definite experience of a pure heart, free from all bad tempers, all cunning deceit, and criticism, and self-will, and sin. I would ask God to sanctify me for Jesus' sake, and to fill my heart with the Holy Spirit. I would ask in faith and He would do it. I know He would, because He says so in the Bible, and then I could live and do the things I have written above, if I were a Corps Cadet, and a Corps Cadet I certainly would be.

Hints for Corps Cadet, "War Cry" Boomers —and others.

First pick out your street, taking care that you do not spoil anyone else's usual district.

Don't forget—you are not going to be successful if you do not ask the Lord's help.

Go to all the houses, even the ones on the hill, or those away back from the road.

Don't think the humble shack is not worth going to.

Be sure and have a smile, even if you are tired.

Don't impress people with the fact that you are only after their money—that's not true.

If folks ask you in, go, and don't bring up idle gossip; seek to speak about the plan of Salvation. Pray before leaving if you think it wise to do so.

If people desire a "War Cry" and have not the money—give them one and ask God to touch the heart of some richer person who will give you a dime instead of a nickel, thus making up for the nickel lost.—A Pentecost "War Cry" Boomer.

N.B.—I have carried out all these hints Mr. Editor, and have proved them to be really good.



The Lower Grade Corps Cadet Badge (Blue).

Brandon Young People's Day

will be conducted by

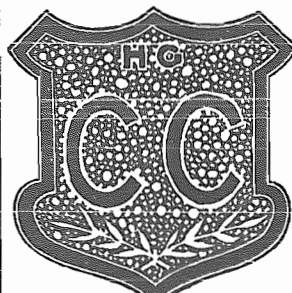
The Chief Secretary, Colonel Miller

assisted by Lt.-Colonel Sims, Territorial

Y.P. Secretary, Staff-Captain Steele

and Divisional Staff

Note the Date: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27th



The Higher Grade Corps Cadet Badge (Red).

A Young Man of My Own Age

A Recollection by an Officer who recently visited the
Pelantoengan Leper Colony, Java,
ENSIGN ALFRED J. GILLIARD

Leper Patients under The Army's care in Java.

AS SOON AS I saw him I knew that we should understand each other. He was playing an instrument in a band formed amongst the European patients in the Pelantoengan Leper Colony, Java, and his eyes for a moment flashed resentments I watched him. He knew that I was a visitor to the quiet valley under the silver moon, and that in a few hours or days I would climb the steep path to the place where the motor road curved toward and away from the deep groove on the volcano's breast, and he, like his companions, hated the eyes of strangers who came to pity and to be shocked.

Later on, however, when a translator was sought, in order that I might say a few words in the Meetings. I saw him again, and the second glance was far more friendly. He had never before translated for an English speaker into Dutch and Malay, but, he said, he would do his best.

So we stood side by side before the congregations, and as he took my words and made them intelligible to the people my heart was filled with unspeakable sadness, and my brain battled in despair against the onslaught of a legion of terrible doubts. For we were the same height, the same age, we were both fond of books, and had written for the press. We both wore the uniform of The Salvation Army, and sought to do the will of God. We both loved life, and had within us some sense of the beauty of the world. We had both been fairly recently married—but I could come and go and serve here and there as my opportunities allowed, while he was a leper, doomed to bury all his hopes among the palms of Pelantoengan.

More Poignant than Pity

Several times during the brief visit I had opportunity of speaking to him, but on each occasion we could not get very far, for my brain was benumbed by something more poignant than pity. The appalling inequality and paralyzing mystery of it all made me stupid. Even so, we spoke a few words about the life of the soul and, sitting in a London office with the roar of the traffic and the clatter of typewriters dispelling all quietude, I can hear again the voice of my friend.

"I should like to do something to bless the people. God has given me such understanding of Himself."

The voice becomes more real when I know that this afternoon he will be in his white two-roomed house, in the garden amid the roses. He cannot be beyond the pale of Pelantoengan—and I may go almost where I like.

The son of a Government official, he was born in Amba and soon had drama introduced into his life, for when he was quite young, his father was appointed to Macassar, and his mother's family hid him and his brothers and sisters to prevent his mother leaving the island! On no account would they hear of her going from her native Amba, and when persuasion failed adopted the tactics of the farmer who puts the calf in a cart to entice the cow along the road. The husband went to Macassar. His wife stayed behind and found the children, but never joined her husband.

The boy, Paulos, received a good education, and in course of time secured an excellent post in the island of Java. He was not altogether happy, in spite of his splendid prospects, for when he was twelve years of age he had discovered upon himself the mark of leprosy. He kept his discovery secret, but it hung as a sinister shadow over all his days.

He became a young man of whom his employers expected much, but his secret could not always be hidden. The disease caused his fingers to become cramped

WE commend this strikingly pathetic article to all our readers, but we especially direct it to the attention of the youth of The Army throughout Canada West. Ensign Gilliard is one of a great company of young men who have come to The Army service and opportunity by way of the Corps Cadet Brigade. To our mind the pathos of this story is intensified—we almost said sanctified—by the vigorous Army manhood which is engaged in the telling; and the Christ-like submission of him of whom it tells.—Ed.

and when his employers saw this he had to leave their establishment without delay. Paulos returned to Amban. Being young he was not willing to accept the awful implications of his secret and he secured more employment, from which he went again to Java to work on the staff of a newspaper.

From leprosy there is no escape. Paulos had to admit his condition, and to surrender all his hopes.

An Inexorable Lid

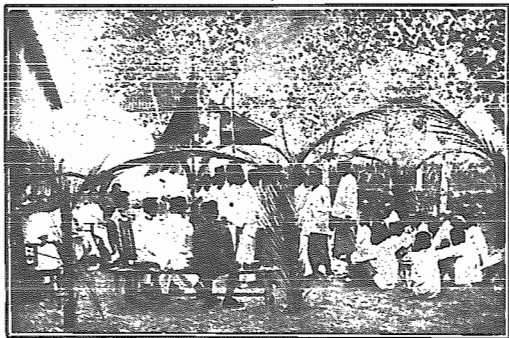
Talking to him in the gardens at Pelantoengan, I suggested that he should use his talent for self-expression by writing for 'The War Cry'. The idea came to me as a way of lifting the inexorable lid that was shutting down this young man's aspirations, and Mrs. Brigadier Thomson,

"Your Bible says that 'God is love, every opportunity of speaking to me, but whatever the reason, the Devil came with greater force, introducing himself as I is this a sign of that love, which, while your mother and little sister are dependent upon you, condemns you to life-long invalidism?"

"Does this God really exist?" How careful he was to blind my eyes to the welfare of my soul, and to God, the Provider of all good!

"I was taken into the hospital at Tawang.

"One morning the nurse who looked after the leper patients came to me. Realizing my condition, and knowing that God alone could help me to bear my sufferings, she looked at me with eyes full of pity. "Pray much, dear



Lepers being enrolled as Salvation Army Soldiers at an Army Colony.

the beloved Colony mother, offered to copy his work, so that there should be no fear of the mysterious leprosy bacilli crossing the seas in Paulos' letters. The suggestion has already borne fruit, and 'The War Cry' has printed contributions from its first leper writer. Appropriately enough, Paulos' first article was his testimony. Describing the period when he discovered that leprosy had taken deep root in his system, he said:

"It was easy after once sinning, to sin again. I was on the broad road to destruction. Notwithstanding this, I still paid an occasional visit to the church, but it was a mere matter of form."

"I thought as little as possible of God and Eternal things, because, being for a young man very comfortably situated, my wants well supplied, I did not feel the necessity of God in my life."

"Suddenly, at one stroke, an end was put to everything; my career cut off for ever, and this when I was only twenty-one years old. My position at the office with splendid prospects, happiness of life, an existence without care, illusions, alas! all gone!"

"What this meant to me the reader may perhaps realize. I began to think about God; but HOW? Instead of going to Him as a stricken man, my whole being came into rebellion against Him."

"It may have been because I gave him counsel. He whispered in my ear:

boy," she said. Then bitterly the words fell from my lips. "I will not pray any more." After doing her best to put courage into my heart, she left me along with my bitter thoughts.

"That afternoon a friend came to see me, and I related to him the conversation which had passed between myself and the sister, adding, 'I have prayed enough to God, now I am going to pray to the Devil.' I still shudder when I think of those words, uttered in the bitterness of that moment."

"All my thoughts were concentrated on the WHY? of my sufferings. If there is a God, why does He allow me to suffer thus? Why this? Why that?"

One day Mrs. Thomson lent him an English Bible. He began to read and to attend the Meetings.

Eyes Filled with Tears

"For the first time for years I began to pray that God would give me grace and strength to bear my sorrows. In the Meetings the words of the songs, for me, took on a new meaning and life. While singing, many, many times my eyes filled with tears. This, however, I hid behind my song-book. Many a song or word touched the most tender chord of my soul. Then followed for me a most difficult time of struggle against doubt, wrestling against Satan, who began to see that he was losing his prey. "He appealed to my reason, and the

inward struggle through which I passed at this period is beyond description.

"Days of intense struggle followed. The feeling of uncertainty was terrible to endure. I was in a frightfully nervous condition. Finally I came to the decision not to think or choose, but to be still and pray to God asking for light, and that light came."

One Sunday morning, when we were urged to make a decision for Christ, I was the first to come out and accept Jesus as my Saviour. It was the most weighty moment of my life, and one which I will never forget. After having confessed my sins, deep peace and joy came into my heart; yes! it was just that peace I had so long lacked, and when the Officers gave me a warm hand-clasp, I felt I was one of the happiest men in the world.

"Now reader, though I am a leper, I know that all is well with my soul. I am enchained to this place of suffering for as long as I live. It is certain I shall not see my dear mother again on earth, but you need not pity me, because I am happy in Jesus, and I shall meet my loved ones in Heaven."

I cannot believe that his meaning of the word 'happiness' is the same as mine. There was no air of exuberance about him, but I shall never forget his repose. One felt that this man had fought through to a place of abiding quietude of spirit.

What of his wife? She also has a dramatic and tragic life-story. Her father was an American bioscope proprietor who died of cholera. The children were left unprotected for, and friends discovered that the mother was making plans to sell the children. The authorities intervened, and Paulos' wife, then but a child, was taken to an Army Home. Months later it was discovered that she was sick with leprosy, and she was sent to Pelantoengan. She does not know her own age, but of the nine years she has been in the Colony she has the happiest recollection. The young folk in the Colony offer many problems to the Officers in charge, and when Paulos asked if he could marry, for the sake of both permission was readily given.

Not the Most Terrible Thought

Shortly afterward I bade farewell to the friend I found in the Java Leper Colony. Within a few hours I climbed out of the valley and came home, across the thousand miles of sea and land, to my work and my home, while he stayed there and will stay there, in a valley a mile or two long and not half a mile across. Nor is that the most terrible thought. Leprosy is a progressive malady.

One bright ray illumines the dark horizon. Paulos, the victim of mystery that defies contemplation, has, because of his personal communion with God, grown out of his bitterness.

Restful is the spirit that can dictate to the pen such words as these, describing departure of another who was about to climb into the wide world again:

"Softly, pathetically the sweet tones sounded through the stillness of the valley in which Pelantoengan lies. Then came the last piece on the program, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

"The Commandant, with overflowing heart, parted from them. Without doubt there arose in him the feeling, 'This, then, is my earthly reward—thankfulness, tears from a group of unhappy people, flowers which had been tended in pain and physical disability. In this all was a smile from her Master.'"

What would have happened to my friend Paulos had this beautiful prison in the valley of Pelantoengan been controlled by men and women who knew nothing of the love of God?

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS



Experiences of a Musical Composer

ENSIGN BROUGHTON, Bandmaster of the Chicago Staff Band is one of the most prolific and versatile musical composers in The Salvation Army. He having no fewer than 26 Marches, Selections, and descriptive pictures published to his credit in the Band Journal and Festival Series. The latest composition passed by the International Headquarters Music Board is a descriptive Bible Picture entitled "Paul and Silas." It is profoundly impressive all the way through and certain passages are positively thrilling. This composition is sure to be found in the repertoire of all bands capable of

rendering it, and thinking it might be of interest to our own musical composers we have asked the Ensign to write for our Bandsmen's page, something of the genesis of the idea and his methods of musical composition. In reply he has courteously sent us the following:

How I Wrote "Paul and Silas"

At an early age a craving to be able to write music took hold of me. I would find myself putting on paper, little thoughts, until, encouraged by Bandmaster Webber of Boscombe, Eng., (who has written hundreds of Army verse),

my first endeavor was sent to the London Musical Department and appeared in the "Musical Salvationist." To see my first attempt in print at the early age of fourteen (or thereabouts) was a tremendous incentive to me to continue to write. I did so, and quite a number of my pieces subsequently appeared in the "Musical Salvationist."

Years later the International Headquarters inaugurated the International Competitions for marches and selections for the Band Journal. A march "Under the Colors" had won the third prize and became very popular. I was very much surprised when I saw the photograph of the young composer in the "Bandsman and Songster," and this inspired me to write a march. I did so, and sent it to London. It was published as the "Chicago March." Then I contributed to the competition referred to and won prizes for both marches and selection entries. This incentive was ever with me and I felt compelled to go on. I met with rebuffs, but worked away and surmounted difficulties and began to be known for my compositions.

Later, a new idea was presented in the Band Journal by the appearance of a Bible Picture "Scaling the Storm." Brigadier Slater, the pioneer of Army composers, produced this masterpiece of Army compositions and several others followed. Again I received the inspiration to try this role of composition. I, however, met with some rebuffs but my time came. After pondering various ideas I felt the "pull" to put to music the story in the lives of Paul and Silas according to the episode related in Acts 16: 16-34 verses. And so, after the elapse of some years since the publication of the last Bible picture, I feel honored to be the first Army composer to follow the illustrious (now) Lieut.-Colonel Slater (retired) in the presenting of a Bible picture in the Band Journal. The episode is one of the best known Bible stories and there is little difficulty from the standpoint of interpretation of the picture when hearing the music.

Ambition Made a Blessing

Thus, it will be observed that in whatever development may have followed, first came the incentive and then the ambition; all with one thought, that the music should be made a blessing, and used to the glory of God.

A person who can write music is often thought to be clever and gifted, but hidden beneath are hours of hard toil to develop an accomplishment. A thorough understanding of harmony has entailed hard study and practice. A composition is like the hood of an automobile with lines of beauty, perhaps. The motive power is out of sight but hundreds of parts are necessary to produce a motor which will pull the car where the beauty can be observed.

If the reader should feel like writing a melody—and it must be "natural" for one to do so—the prompting should be encouraged and fostered. After a melody is written it should be clothed or "dressed" in harmony. All natural composers must have proper training for their work to be correctly written. The technicalities of music arranging are as vital as a telephone switchboard, and one can only progress in music as each step is correct. To be incorrect will expose future faults.

The Army musician has a field not to be found elsewhere, whether he be a composer or an instrumentalist. True merit is recognized and the course adopted in the particular kind of music wanted for Army purposes enables a composer to use his music for blessing, and not in the atmosphere of financial gain or revelry.

The years of musical service given in The Salvation Army has "spoiled" me for any other service in the way of composition. My only thought is still to continue on, writing as much as I can for the glory of God in the dear old Army.

Occasional Talks

The Gospel that Sammy Preached

THE Old Country Comrade who supplies me with so many good stories has sent along the following, and I pass it on to my musical (and other) colleagues in the sure and certain hope that it will have the same appeal with them as it did (and does) with me. I am assured that it is a true story. I can well believe it to be so.

A young African, whose earnestness to know everything possible about Jesus greatly impressed the lady missionary of the Mission Church near his home. At last she laughingly said, "I've told you all I know. If you want to know more, you'll have to go to Mr. —, at New York." Then his questions became about New York, as to where it was and how to get there, and in a few days he disappeared.

He walked to the coast, and found a ship bound for America, upon which he was allowed, after much pleading, to work his passage. On his arrival at New York he soon found the man he sought, and said: "I have come to learn more about Jesus." His extraordinary eagerness to learn was so remarkable that the gentleman had him educated; and whilst he was in the University he was so anxious to learn quickly, so as to hasten the coming of the day when he would be fully equipped to return as a missionary to his own land, that he overworked himself, fell sick, and died.

His life had been a wasted one, you would say. All that self-denial and self-sacrifice and toil had gone for nothing. So it would seem, at first sight; but you never see the results of such self-consecration at once, and the result of Sammy's death was that several of his class-mates, who had been impressed by his remarkable Christian character and deep longing that Jesus should be made known to his people, volunteered to go as missionaries to Africa in his place, and went. Sammy never returned to preach the Gospel to his own people, but, because of Sammy, it was preached to them as he alone could never have done. He neither lived nor died in vain.

His Name

I was rather startled the other day to hear the first two lines of the well-known hymn, "Tell me the old, old story," coming from a semi-completed house, and discovered, to my surprise, that the singers were half a dozen workmen engaged on the building.

I listened intently to the first two lines, and then the song finished abruptly. Again the refrain was begun, and again ended in like manner. Then I realized the cause of the interruption. These men were held enough to sing in mockery, "Tell me the old, old story," but not one of them dared to sing the words, "Christ Jesus makes me whole,"—H.B.P.

"I'll try to be all that He wants me to be"

Words and Music by Ensign Wm. Broughton, Chicago.

Allegretto

I'll try to be all that He wants me to be,
Wants me to be, wants me to be.
I'll try to be all that He wants me to be,
And gladden the lives of some more.

I want to be fighting for Jesus
Every day;
It pays to win victories for Jesus,
Joyous way.

I want to be ever more ready,
For the Lord.
He wants me to tell of His glory
All abroad.

I want to be serving my Master
Every day,
Forgetting the sins that once bound me,
Happier way.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder _____ William Booth
General _____ Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-419 Carleton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The
War Cry including the Special Easter and
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General Order

Corps Cadet Day

CORPS CADET DAY will be ob-
served throughout the Canada
West Territory on Sunday, Novem-
ber 26th. Commanding Officers
and others responsible are hereby
decried to make all necessary ar-
rangements.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Territorial Commander.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of The General)

MARRIAGE

Captain Geo. Bellamy, out from Hum-
boldt, September, 1923, and last in
charge of the Alberta Chariot, to
Captain Gladys Weeks, out from Hum-
boldt, September, 1924, and last sta-
tioned at Regina Grace Hospital, on
October 20th, 1927, at Humboldt.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell in Winnipeg

There has been considerable interest in
T.H.Q. circles this week, and indeed in
Winnipeg generally—consequent on the
presence in our midst of the energetic
Territorial Commander from our sister
Canadian Territory.

Commissioner Maxwell is no stranger to
Winnipeg, and it is a great disappoint-
ment to many of us that his private
engagements have been of such a character
as to preclude him from undertaking any
public events. However, he has made his
presence known at T.H.Q., taking ad-
vantage of the opportunity to discuss
with our own Commissioner matters of
mutual Territorial importance.

He has also found time to meet the
Garrison Cadets in a breezy and rousing
Session. He has declaimed upon the
splendid institutions which now adorn
The Army's position in the Territorial
capital; and further, has had an opportu-
nity of sampling the weather which
makes the people of the Western Terri-
tory strong, virile, and glad.

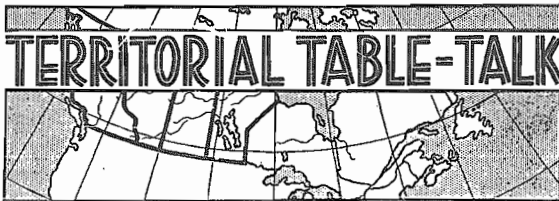
An intimate touch—one of those which
go far to emphasise our beautiful Army
family—has been his visit to the resting
place of Mrs. Colonel Levi Taylor at
Elmwood.

Another feature of the Army Comrade-
ship of the visit has been the genial re-
association with many of his old-time and
Old Country colleagues who now fight
readily and happily in Army ranks out
West, from Commissioner Rich downward.
The Commissioner's visit has also brought
much gladness to his brave widowed
sister, Mrs. Seivewright, who is well
known in Winnipeg Citadel circles.

Our greetings to all Comrades "down
East," Commissioner!

Next Week:

CALGARY—The City of the
Foothills.



Winnipeg, November 19, 1927.

The Chief Secretary and the Field
Secretary spent a busy day at Regina
D.H.Q. on Monday last. Conferences and
inspections of importance—affecting all
parts of the South Saskatchewan Division
—called for close attention.

We have received an interesting note
from Cadet Ethel Briery, of the Inter-
national Training Garrison, which indi-
cates that all is well with our repre-
sentatives in that Centre of Young Army
life. Regina Comrades, please note.

A splendid move-on has been brought
about at Winnipeg Citadel in connection
with the Junior Corps. The Friday and
Sunday night Y.P. Meetings now have an
average attendance of four hundred.
Lt.-Colonel Sims is enthusiastic about
the events which he has personally con-
ducted there. This is properly speaking,
a "Young Soldier" item, but if we pub-
lished it there, some of you would never
read it. Would you?

Captain Flannigan, of the Saskatoon
Subscribers District, continues to have
good times in spite of cold weather, snow
banks, "poor crops," and a sometimes
obstreperous "Ford".

We offer a very hearty welcome to
Junior Eva Nancy Middleton. We are
delighted to hear of her arrival at the
Quarters of Captain and Mrs. Middle-
ton, of Edmonton III, and to know that
all goes well with mother and daughter.

Captain Leslie Sharpe is out of hospital,
but not in his usual health. He is under
Farewell Orders... and leaves Winnipeg
Immigration Department for Woodstock,
Ont., next week. "We shall meet, but
we shall miss him."

In answer to some enquiries we are
glad to say that Mrs. Captain Arthur
Hill is also out of Hospital, and has re-
turned to Saskatoon II, where her hus-
band and she are full of plans for a busy
winter campaign.

Commandant Dunkley, of Kildonan
Home, is on furlough and has farewelled
from that Institution. We hope that the
change and rest will be of considerable
benefit to a very worthy Officer-comrade.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Harry Dray
(and wee Kathleen) have arrived in
Winnipeg. It seemed quite like old
times to see the Staff-Captain at T.H.Q.
today.

During Lt.-Colonel McLean's recent
stay in Winnipeg he was a very welcome
visitor at Grace Hospital, where he led a
"Home" Meeting with his usual vim and
acceptance.

Captain William Burnard, of Calgary
Mens' Social, has been appointed to a
similar duty at Brandon Mens' Social,
with Adjutant Marsland. Success to
them all.

We are sorry not to be able to give any
fresh news about Colonel Coombs; he is
still awaiting the further operation, and
as a consequence there is much prolonged
suffering for him and anxiety for Mrs.
Coombs and Mrs. Adjutant Putt. We
will continue to pray for these dear
Comrades.

Just as we write these notes we are
distracted to hear that Mrs. Staff-Captain
Steele is very sick, and under medical
supervision. A busy, plucky woman she
is—hurry up and get well, Sister.

Adjutant Agnes Saunders is in Van-
couver, and has been appointed to a
position at the Hastings Street Head-
quarters: she will give service both to the
Division and the Subscribers Depart-
ment.

Captain Elsie Yarett, of T.H.Q., has
taken up duties at North Winnipeg, as
Corps Cadet Guardian, thus adding to
the energetic band of Corps workers
among our younger Comrades at the
Territorial Centre.

The Editor is always pleased to re-
ceive photographs of Corps events and of
local Comrades, and whenever possible,
will arrange for the desired publication.
There is one rule, however, and an im-
portant one—"No flowers, by request."

We much regret to learn that our Com-
rade, Ensign Harrington of the Finance
Department has been ailing of late.
The Ensign is spending a few days in the
St. Boniface Hospital for the purpose of
a thorough examination which, we trust,
will prove reassuring.

We have a very comradely thought-
fulness for Mrs. Lt.-Col. Dickerson these
days. She has just heard of the passing
of her aged father, at Ansdell, Lancs.
The separation of years, owing to Army
call and duty, does not always lessen the
sense of loss which these happenings
bring to those whose service has led them
far from the home trail. Feelings akin
make us kind.

Among the earliest and readiest con-
tributors towards the Memorial Garri-
son Furnishings Fund were Lt.-Com-
missioner and Mrs. Turner, of Buenos
Aires. The strong bond of affection
which exists between these esteemed
Officers and this Territory is thus em-
phasised and strengthened.

You probably know the story, for it is
not a new one, of how a little girl re-
turned home to tell her mother that the
Captain had mentioned her name in his
address. "No, Edith," said her mother,
"I'm sure he wouldn't." "Yes, mummy,
he did," she protested. "He was telling us
about Jesus, and he said, 'This man is
receiveth sinners, and Edith with them.'
He did, mummy." Let us hope her
mother took the splendid opportunity
presented to her of fixing firmly in Edith's
mind the fact that though she had mis-
understood the Captain's words, she had
not misapprehended the truth.

THE GENERAL and the Great Salvation Siege

Our International Leader Conducts
Mighty All-night Campaign of Sup-
plication at the Midway Great
Hall; Eleven p.m. to Five a.m.
—A Night of Pentecost

AS we write a tempest of Salvation is
sweeping over the British Isles, and
thousands of Salvationists are renewing
their pledges to God and calling millions
to the Bleeding Lamb. Surely nothing
like it has been known for many years.
The prayer of our heart is that the
surging waves of this ocean of appeal and
effort may reach our own land, and bring us
nearer the Kingdom—nearer the
Kingdom of those who wander far from
our Heavenly King; bring them into the
Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The General is well to the front in this
battle. He has conducted the mighty Cam-
paign of Supplication at the Great Hall
of our Midway Training Garrison quite
recently, and so set a speed mark to the
Siege.

Hundreds Besiege the Throne

Beginning about eleven o'clock at
night, and concluding in the dawn of the
next day—five a.m.—hundreds besieged
the Throne. The General and Mrs.
Booth were supported not only by the
Leaders of The Army in London, but
by the whole of the rank and file of the
gathering.

Stirring, almost startling, words by the
General served to fire his hearers as he
impressively announced that the Salva-
tion Siege was the most important cam-
paign of its kind ever set before The
Army, and it was in the light of that
importance that the necessity for soul-
preparation, for prayerful reflection, for
waiting upon God, had been recognized.
The purpose of prayer was to influence
God, and the purpose of that gathering
was to enlist His co-operation in the great
campaign.

What a gladdening sight; what a gem
in such a pathetic setting—this assembly
violently besieging Heaven itself from the
midst of the slumbering millions of the
Metropolis; sleeping, not alone physically,
but unconscious, regardless of their con-
dition spiritually. And with what joyful
anticipation did those angelic hosts con-
template the attack about to be launched
upon the country with the object of
awakening every soul to his need of, and
opportunity to secure, Salvation!

Tempestuous Impunity

With a sweep of his expressive hands
the General urged the assembly again to
pray, and though it was now three-thirty,
there was no reluctance to join in the
united cry to God which immediately
brought with tempestuous impunity.
Out of the midst of the stormy appeal
could be heard the General's own voice
crying to God. "Help us that we may
be able to do something extraordinary
during the Great Siege, he cried; and
he went on to exhort the cause of the
Open-Airs, and the people in the public-
houses. "God help us to make our best
effort! Help us to bring the sinner to
the bar of his own conscience."

And why, my Comrades, should not
there be similar stirrings within our own
hearts, and amidst our own surroundings
here in Canada West.

We may not be in sight or sound of the
thronging thousands—and yet again we
may—but the call of God to us—and
through us to the sinning Godless crowd
around us is as real as that which is
now sounding throughout the old lands.
Do you not hear it?

The "WILLIAM BOOTH MEMORIAL" Training Garrison

The Commissioner promises a defi-
nite pronouncement of interest next
week in regard to the official opening
of the new Territorial Training Gar-
rison.

What a joy it will be to all Comrades
throughout the Territory to know of this
full consummation of the dream of years;
especially will this be so to the Com-
missioner and those who have labored
with him so arduously and courageously
to this end.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

THE CHIEF-OF-STAFF, Commissioner E. J.
Higgins, will be in Winnipeg on December 13th,
14th and 15th, and in Vancouver on December
18th and 19th.

Fuller particulars next week.

Commander E. Booth Revisits Old Torquay

A recent piece of news concerning the Commander has, given some old-timers a thrill.

There are many who remember the great Open-Air fight which was put up years ago by The Army Comrades at Torquay, Devon, Eng. A score or more of the Officers and Soldiers of those days went to jail in that struggle, nearly always being escorted to or from the jail to the strains of that battle-cry, "No, we never, never will give in."

Miss Booth, Staff-Captain she was in those days, took part in that fight; took her stand in the police court with her Comrades and was sentenced to a jail term—and then the enemy gave way and



Commander E. Booth.

a victory was won which set a world-wide precedent for our out-door music and message.

The thrill of those youthful days comes back to us as we read of the Commander's recent triumphant visit to the Borough of Torquay. A civic reception (and apology), thousands to acclaim our Woman Warrior's loyal fidelity and eloquence and The Army Band playing "No, we never, never will give in."

"When the stones and sticks were flying about our heads as we marched the streets of this town forty years ago," said the Commander, "that was the tune our heroic Bandmen used to play. It was the manifestation of our spirit, and by the grace of God we won!"

They buildied for us better than they knew in those days and may we not also say: "Their name liveth for ever."

Lt.-Colonel Sims at Weston

Stirring Sunday Campaign Results in
Six at Mercy-Seat

Six surrenders were recorded on Sunday last at the Weston Corps when the Territorial Y.P. Secretary led the Meetings, assisted by the Corps Officers, Captain Nyrrerd and Lieut. Hamilton and a brigade of Men Cadets.

Several clear-cut Holiness testimonies were given in the morning, following which the Colonel gave a helpful address. One soul surrendered.

Over one hundred were in attendance at the Company-Meeting, including a splendid Bible Class of about twenty-five young people. Y.P. S.-M. Captain Lead-beater, is doing well, and the deportment and order of the children is equal to any Corps in the Territory. Quite a number of the children are saved. The Colonel spoke to the children, also visited the various Companies, addressing the Bible Class.

At night a splendid crowd gathered in the Hall following a rousing Open-Air Meeting. Each of the Training Garrison Cadets took active part, in the form of leading singing, testifying, Scripture reading, and added much to the success and spirit of the Meeting.

The Colonel's message was a powerful appeal to surrender to the claims of God and after a well-fought Prayer-Meeting five surrenders were registered, making six for the day.

Past, Present and Future

A Call to Corps Cadetship
By The Commissioner

SELDOM, if ever, does Corps Cadet Day come round but my mind almost instantly reverts to those Comrades—still with us—who are now doing such splendid work in our ranks.

I say to myself, as I remember how much their Corps Cadetship meant and does mean to them—Thank God for the C.C. Brigade. Thank God for the past.

* * * * *

Then I think of those fine young men and maidens who, week by week, take on with joyful zest and zeal the toil and duties of Corps Cadetship. I think of their contagious enthusiasm; of their comradely emulation; and I take courage myself and thank God for the present.

* * * * *

My mind runs on again, and I say to myself—Yes, but what of that future. And I see around me a goodly company of youthful spirits—many of them aglow for God and The Army. I see the opening doors of Corps Cadet Day; I see the Providence-befriended way of duty stretching out before them, and I say—Thank God for the future.

* * * * *

Now, my dear young people, in what company do you find yourselves? Where do you stand? There is a call—every day, clear and insistent—to every one of us; but it seems to me that the clarion call of the Young People's Christ is louder than any other on this day.

It is not only a call to a closer companionship with Him as our Master—that is His universal entreaty—but this Day is the call of duty—duty to yourselves; duty to The Army; to many of you a clear duty to your parents and their dedicatory vows for you; and it is no less the call of God.

Will you heed the call?

Chas. P. Rich

Lt.-Commissioner.

Commissioner Rich at Calgary and Edmonton

(By Wire)

The Commissioner conducted a soul-stirring Campaign last weekend in the Calgary Citadel. On Sunday morning the three city Corps united for a heart-searching Holiness Meeting. One seeker knelt at the Cross. Our Leader's lecture "Winning in the West," given in the afternoon, with His Worship Mayor Fred Osborne in the chair, and supported by many influential citizens, was endorsed by all as wonderful. Hon. John Irwin, M.L.A., passing a vote of thanks seconded by Dr. Stanley brought the gathering to a close. During the afternoon the Commissioner presented twenty-three badges to members of the Sunbeam Brigade.

The battle for souls at night, conducted by the Commissioner, finished up with twenty seekers at the Mercy-Seat and a Hallelujah march around the Citadel. It was a great climax to a wonderful day. Our Leader was assisted by the Divisional Commander, Staff-Captain Merritt, and the city Officers.—Observer.

* * * * *

Following on these stirring events and naturally tiring day the Commissioner, accompanied by Staff-Captain Merritt, turned his face Northward and in the early hours of Monday arrived in the city of Edmonton. Immediately he was engrossed in the business of the important financial campaign which is now in progress there on behalf of the Social and Corps schemes.

At noon the Commissioner met at luncheon a splendidly representative gathering of public spirited citizens—some two hundred of them. General Greishbach was in fine fettle in his chairmanship of this company, and generously acclaimed The Army for its past and present services, and commended the "Drive" to the public of the Alberta Capital.

The Commissioner for Public Charities also spoke at length and made the significant statement that "The Army's operations within the Province saved the public funds at least \$20,000 per annum."

The Campaign is "going over" with a bang, and a heavy burden on our enterprises in Edmonton will surely be lifted.

* * * * *

The Commissioner returned to T.H.Q. on Wednesday morning and immediately entered upon important duties and conferences here.

Mrs. Commissioner Rich

The splendid revival in the work of the Home League, for which the opening of the Winter season gives such a fine opportunity, has been utilized to the full by Mrs. Rich.

The wife of our Territorial Leader never lags far behind in laying hold of chances of service, but she has been "Well on the job"—if we may so speak of a lady's efforts—in her League service of late.

This week she was opening Sales of Work at Weston and at Sherbrooke Street, and also spoke—helpfully, we know—at the Winnipeg Citadel League meeting.

Mrs. Rich is also well known for the kindly vigilance of her sick—hospital and home—visitation; and in a hundred ways fills up her days in unobtrusive but welcome services.

Our readers will also be glad to note Mrs. Colonel Miller's Home League activities; and indeed the glad service which so many of our sister Comrades bring to this fine branch of Army work. Cheers for the Home League.

"The Victors" at Selkirk

We have received two interesting reports from Selkirk, from which it is evident that things are moving at that historic Corps and centre.

At a recent Soldiers Tea and Council, the Officers outlined the plan of campaign for the winter months, and it is certain that faith and works will succeed.

Last weekend the Cadets Singing Party visited the town—their first weekend away from home. An Open-Air Meeting before supper on Saturday served to start off the Campaign well.

Another bombardment after supper—"Duet Bombardment" this time; Messages of Salvation from a Step Ladder also served to awaken the visitors. (Did they awaken the townspeople?—Ed.).

The indoor Meeting took the course of a splendid programme; and a large and appreciative audience gathered. The "Prodigal Son" item was especially impressive. Mr. Morrison, J. P. made a genial chairman, and interested us all with his spicy reminiscences of early Army days in Selkirk.

The girls of the party were under orders to return to Winnipeg for the Sunday—alas and aiack—but the boys had a splendid time under the leadership on Sunday of Adjutant Davies. The Tambourine Learners Band was to the front, and at the end of the day most of them were proficient on that historic symbol.

The afternoon Meeting was devoted to a Lecture by the Adjutant, at which the mayor of the town, Dr. Gibbs, presided; there were also other local citizens supporting him.

At night we had a gallant and desperate fight for souls—the lad Cadets in charge, with Cadet Allen giving the main address. The Quartette Party sang with deep feeling, and a gracious spirit was with us, and though many left the Hall under deep conviction, we rejoiced over three souls at the Mercy-Seat. It was indeed a blessed day.—[In Omnia Paratus et N.M.]

Sergt.-Major Middleton, Indian Head

There are very many throughout the Territory who will be distressed to hear of the sudden and serious sickness which has overtaken this old and valued Comrade.

The Chief Secretary, Field Secretary and Staff-Captain Tutte, visited him in the Regina General Hospital on Monday last, and found him in an extremely critical condition.

Our fervent prayers will be for a valiant soldier of God and The Army; as well as for his dear wife—that true Mother in Israel, indeed for the other members of their splendid Salvation family.

Brother and Sister Middleton are Comrades of note, not only in their own Corps and neighborhood, Indian Head and Abernethy, Sask., but in the Old Country. How strangely joy and sorrow go hand in hand.

Some Christmas Gift Suggestions

By the Trade Secretary

HAVE you read, "Echoes and Memories," that fine book by our General, written only as he would be able to write it. Full of fragrant memories of our Founder, full of memories of Army life and warfare as he has seen it and lived it from the beginning of The Army until now. It is an ideal book for the family reading on a winter's evening.

Now that the days are getting shorter, there is more time for music in the home. Why not send for "Songs of the Evangel" by Commander Eva Booth. We are all sold out of paper covered copies, but still have left a few in cloth, which will make a very acceptable Christmas gift. In order that everyone may be supplied with "Helps to Holiness," by Commissioner Brengle, we have secured a number of these in paper binding at a very small price. After reading it yourself, we are sure that you will buy a copy to send to your friends.

A fresh supply of "Morning Thoughts" has arrived. Colonel Roberts, in this book, gives you some very helpful Daily Readings for each day in the year.

If you want to get a good Bible for yourself or for a present, we have a nice leather bound, silk sewn style at a very reasonable price. We will give 25% discount on all Bibles.

We also have a Red Letter Testament, bound in beautiful grained wood from the Mount of Olives and carved by Oriental craftsmen in Jerusalem, and contains a number of splendid pictures and should make a fine gift.

We have some nice leatherette covers for your small note paper, with a refill complete. What about a good black leather loose leaf book for your notes and Solos. The rubberoid covers are cheaper but serviceable.

Send for our price list of Instruments and S. A. Supplies.

Note—The following prices include postage.

"Echoes and Memories," by the General.....	\$2.10
"Songs of the Evangel," by the Commander.....	1.50
"Helps to Holiness," by Commissioner Brengle.....	.20
"Morning Thoughts," by Colonel Roberts.....	1.10
Cambridge Bibles, Silk sewn 7 1/2 x 5 in.....	6.10
Cambridge Bibles, Silk Sewn, 7 1/4 x 4 ins.....	5.60
"Mount of Olives" Red Letter Testament.....	3.60
Record Book for Cradle Rolls.....	.30
Leatherette Covers for Writing Pads (Blue).....	1.35
Leatherette Covers for Writing Pads (Red).....	1.10
Writing Pads, 50 sheets with Crest.....	.25
Writing Pads, 50 sheets with Scripture Text.....	.35
Scripture Verse Envelopes, 25 in packet.....	.17

HOME LEAGUE FIXTURES WINNIPEG DIVISION

Mrs. Commissioner Rich	Dec. 6
Winnipeg Citadel (Opening of Sale of Work)	
Mrs. Colonel Miller	Dec. 7
Sherbrooke St.	
Mrs. Brigadier Taylor	Dec. 1
Home St. (Opening of Sale of Work)	
Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson	Dec. 6
St. James	
Mrs. Brigadier Carter	Dec. 6
Weston	
Mrs. Brigadier Cummins	Dec. 7
Norwood	
Mrs. Major Tyndall	Dec. 7
Elmwood	
Mrs. Major H. Habbirk	Dec. 6
Logan Ave. West	
Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele	Dec. 7
Home Street	
Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke	Dec. 7
North Winnipeg	



Corps Cadetship--- Its Value and Opportunities

By Mrs. Brigadier Smith
Manitoba Divisional C.C. Guardian

THE EDITOR has asked me to put into writing the substance of a little talk I gave to the Y.P. Locals assembled in Council at Sandy Hook on a recent Sunday, and if I could reconstruct the magic of the setting in which the Councils were held, with the splendid enthusiasm and spirit that permeated the day's proceedings my task would be easier. Sandy Hook was looking its best, with its stretch of emerald green sward, sur-

to make optimists of all of us. No wonder the great Master said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and when He looked on that exemplary youth, the young ruler, He loved him, and coveted him for His own service.

Our young people are here—"heirs of all the ages"—as one of our artists has tried to depict, and it is our privilege and opportunity as Y.P. workers to do our share to educate and train these young people to take a worthy place in our great Army.

The Hebrews, who were the great

Samuel, Israel's greatest Judge, was brought by his mother, as a babe, to Eli, and was trained Com infaney for the future great work God entrusted to him.

David, Israel's greatest King, and the "sweet singer of Israel," was anointed as a youth to be king, and served in the courts of Saul, while yet a stripling, thereby receiving the training that later was to make him the leader of his people.

The world everywhere recognizes the value of early training, and so we have our kindergartens, schools, colleges and universities. The Army has not been behind in this respect. We have our Cradle Rolls, our Company Meetings, our Sunbeams and Chums, and our Corps Cadets.

Bridges the Gulf

Corps Cadetship bridges the gulf between Company Meeting attendance, and Officership. It is a splendid training for our young people, whether they purpose being Officers, or Local Officers. Various studies bearing on Army work are taken up, important among which are:

Bible Study—The late President Wilson said, referring to the Bible, "A man has deprived himself of the best there is in the world who has not an intimate knowledge of the Bible." The written examinations our young people have to pass on this subject enlarges their knowledge of the sacred book immeasurably.

Army Doctrines—Surely, as Salvationists, we should know something of the foundation of our faith, and a study of the Doctrines gives us this knowledge.

The Why and Wherefore gives us a thorough grounding in Army rules and methods, which is indispensable.

What a world of interest and inspiration is to be found in studying the lives of our beloved Army Founders, William and Catherine Booth, and other outstanding Army leaders, who helped to lay the foundations of our great Movement. The list is a long and honorable one, foremost of whom we might mention Commissioners Railton, Howard, Ochterlony, Dowdell and Lawver. What a splendid example these pioneer warriors have left to future generations.

Then our Corps Cadets are required to wear uniform, and take an active part in Corps activities, all of which is excellent training for their future work.

Burdens that Help

Someone may say, why burden our young people with so much study? I will reply in the thought of one of the poets, he tells us that when the birds were first made they were without wings, so that the gods sent them each a pair of wings to carry them. These the birds at first found very heavy and awkward, but they bore them cheerfully, and by and by these burdens grew into place, and became wings, with which the birds were able to fly. So it will be with our young people. The burdens of youth may be the wings that later will enable them to soar to positions of usefulness and honor.

In conclusion I would like to offer a tribute of thanks to all the patient and loving hearts who helped to influence me as a young person to dedicate my life to God's service; my old Y.P. Sergeant-Major, and his dear wife, since gone to Heaven; and the Corps Officers who labored so faithfully in my home Corps, and the Y.P. Locals. Here I would say to you Y.P. Locals that the toil and effort you put into your work for the young people of to-day will, in future years, be a happy and satisfying memory.



The above is a reproduction of a Corps Cadet lesson translated into various Indian vernaculars. It is worthy of note that the block was produced from actual lessons prepared in the ordinary way by Indian Corps Cadets, one at least having been done by a boy of the "Criminal Tribes."

rounded by a veritable forest of swaying trees, and over all the boom of the big waves, as they rolled up high on the shore, mingling with the melody of the songs that arose from the Council Hall. Then the Local Officers themselves, chiefly young people, with their eager, shining eyes, their hearty singing, and fervent supplications in prayer were a source of inspiration to any speaker.

Coveted Him for His Own

In thinking about the subject of Corps Cadetship how glad I felt that we had young people with us. What a great lack there would have been in the world if we had all come into it grown up; no tender babies to remind us of innocence and purity; no merry, laughing children to brighten our cloudy days; no young people, with their hopefulness and visions

pioneers of civilization recognized the value of early training. The Old Testament reveals to us, over and over again, that when God wanted a man or woman for any particular service He saw to it that they received the necessary training.

Let us consider some of these Bible characters, beginning with Joseph. Who saw in Potiphar's slave a future ruler of Egypt? And yet it was in Potiphar's house, and in prison, that Joseph received his training that later made him indispensable to mighty Pharaoh.

Moses, the great Lawgiver, was trained, first by his Hebrew mother, and later in the courts of Pharaoh, so that he was well fitted, when the time came, to be the emancipator of his own people, and the greatest lawgiver the world knew before the coming of Christ.

Commissioner & Mrs. Rich's Appointments

Medicine Hat	Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Nov. 26, 27, 28
Lethbridge	Tuesday, Nov. 29
Macleod	Wednesday, Nov. 30
Coleman	Thursday, Dec. 1
Calgary	Friday, Dec. 2
Drumheller	Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3 and 4
Calgary	Monday, Dec. 5
Prince George	Saturday, Dec. 10

For Corps Cadetship
Apply to your Corps Officer

Campaigning at Canyon City

An Interesting Account of a Voyage up the Naas River to a Native Indian Corps Situated in the Wilds of Northern British Columbia

CANYON CITY, the baby Corps of the Northern B.C., and Alaska Division, is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Naas River, one hundred and twenty-five miles northeast from Prince Rupert. It cannot boast of street cars, or cement sidewalks, or the facilities of a modern city, but it has compensating advantages that are appreciated by the native population. Who can tell but at some future date, a real city may be located at this outpost.

The work of The Salvation Army was started in Canyon City by the natives themselves. Last May, Captain Stobbart of Prince Rupert was asked to visit the Corps, he being the first white Officer, to enroll by the Captain and thus the Corps got away to a good start. Sergt.-Major Wm. Moore was appointed to take charge of the Corps and under his direction steady progress has been made.

The First Missionary

While we are here recording the start of our work on the Naas River we feel it only right and fitting that a word be said about the first missionary who came up this river in 1883; Rev. J. B. McCullagh, who founded a mission further up the river at Aiyansh and spent thirty-seven years of his life in the interests of the native people.

The Rev. Thomas Crossby who did such a wonderful work along the coast of B.C. made many mission trips up the Naas River and started a mission at old Gwinahaw near the present location of Canyon City. And now The Army is carrying forward the work started so many years ago by this faithful warrior of the Cross.

While the visit of Captain Stobbart was appreciated to the full, yet our Comrades on the Naas were anxious to see their new chief in the person of Major Carruthers the Divisional Commander. The trip was made recently and the Major was given a royal welcome by the Comrades and friends of Canyon City. Captain Stobbart, of Prince Rupert, Envoy Robert Tait and a number of Comrades from Port Simpson accompanied the Major.

A Strange Custom

Starting from Prince Rupert on the gas-boat "Dolly" owned by Outpost Sergt.-Major John Mather, the first stop was made at Port Simpson, where Envoy Tait and other Comrades joined our party. We were soon under way again threading our course north, up sheltered channels, between islands, all aglow in the glory of autumn. We round a point, and a high cliff looms in view. A deep crevice near the top is pointed out. Here the natives in days of old used to shoot their arrows to see if the great chief of heaven would grant them their request for success in hunting or fishing. If the arrows stuck in the crevice success was sure, but if not, the reverse. Another ten miles and we are at the mouth of the Naas River which is more than a mile wide.

We stop for the night at Kincolith, a native village with an interesting history. It takes its name from the native word "Colle," meaning head; the place of many heads, an ancient battleground of the native clans. In this village the Church of England have a mission which has carried on a fine work for many years. The Church Army also have a branch here. The people were very kind to us and made us comfortable. A feather mattress was brought out and put in one corner of the room and soon the Major and Captain were in the land of dreams.

Called on Village Chief

An early breakfast, prayer with our friends, and we are on our way to Greenville, our next stop. This village is named after Rev. Mr. Green, an early missionary of the Methodist Church and a co worker with Rev. Thomas Crossby. The mission is now under the direction of the Church

a snag in mid river standing up and defying the rushing water.

Icy Fingers over Rushing Waters

The valley widens, while to the north and south stretch two ranges of mountains standing guard. The lower slopes are tinged with red and gold, then higher up the evergreen, and then each peak crowned with new fallen snow. Winter will soon be here, and Jack Frost will stretch his icy fingers over the rushing waters, and they will be imprisoned for many months.

As we make another turn a very interesting spot is pointed out by Envoy Tait. Think of a place called Calvary on the Naas River, and yet it is true! The place of execution in days now long gone by, where slaves were beheaded and where fierce battles were waged. Now all is silent. Nature's dress of red and gold covers the past.

Late in the afternoon we make camp

with a little dried salmon and soap berries thrown in for good measure, which we called Naas River whipped cream.

A Camp Fire Prayer-Meeting

Supper over, a red hot Prayer-Meeting was held around the camp-fire. While the sparks shot upwards to the sky our hearts were also reaching out to God for His blessing on our trip and on all the natives of the Naas River. The Major read a Scripture portion and then we finished with the late Commissioner Lawley's chorus: "I'll try again, His true Soldier to be." Later on we were all soon in the land of dreams. Cornelius and Mrs. Nelson in one corner of the large house; Major and the Captain in the other, and the rest of our party along the one side.

On the morning of the third day an early start was made for our objective; Canyon City. Cornelius and Mrs. Nelson went with us, anxious to take part in the Meetings we were to hold. By noon we were passing the deserted village of Gwinahaw, and an hour later we entered the canyon, and after a hard pull we are safely moored at the landing of Canyon City.

Entire Population Turned Out

Flags were flying and the entire population turned out to welcome the Divisional Commander and his party. Chief Paul Jelo McMillan was on hand to extend to the visitors the freedom of the city. As we climb the natural steps in the rocky bank, we pause to look at some ancient markings and drawings carved in the rock, seven or eight generations ago, by their forefathers.

The welcome Meeting was held in the City Hall, when different Comrades and friends spoke words of welcome to the visitors who had travelled so far to see them. A dinner followed, given by the sisters of the Corps; mountain goat having been shot for the occasion. The Major and Captain Stobbart had their first taste of this delicious meat. The hell at the city hall soon reminded us that it was time for the evening Meeting and God came very near and again blessed all present. New choruses were introduced by the Captain and it was not long until we were all singing the "Cheer up" chorus. Envoy Robert Tait and his Comrades from Port Simpson took charge of the Testimony Meeting and it was not long until the Meeting was all a-boil with the real Salvation Army spirit.

The next morning a Prayer-Meeting was held in the home of the Sergt.-Major and prayer was offered for the people who were yet unsaved and for the success of the remaining Meetings. Then followed the arranging of the commissions for Locals who were to be commissioned in the evening Meeting.

A Striking Contrast

In the afternoon, the Sergt.-Major and the Recruiting Sergeant took the Major and the Captain across the canyon and gave them the opportunity of walking on the vast lava beds that fill the south

(Continued on page 12)



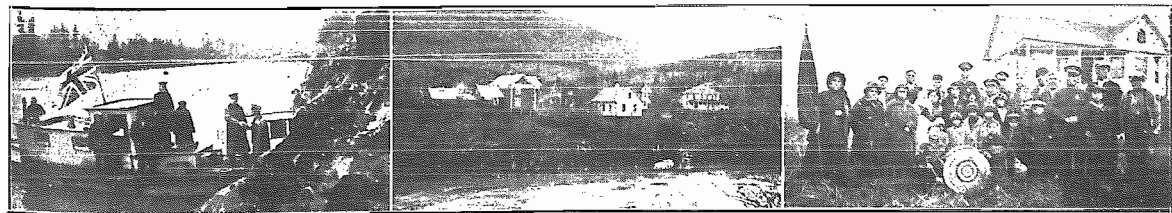
Major Carruthers with a group of Native Indian children who attend The Army Y.P. Company Meeting at Canyon City.

of England with Rev. Mr. Cooper in charge. We called on him, as well as the Chief of the village.

We are now as far as we can go with a deep-water boat and so we must say goodbye to the good ship "Dolly" and transfer to a shallow-draft river-boat, which made a special trip down the river to meet our party. Sergt.-Major Moore who is in charge of Canyon City Corps is aboard, with two or three of his Comrades. We receive a warm greeting and are soon under way on the long climb up the swift waters of the Naas River. Our river-boat can boast of two engines, she is the only twin screw boat on the river, and is owned by Henry Ayaki, the Treasurer of Canyon City.

For the first ten miles the current is not very strong, but as we get further up it increases, and many difficult places are passed, while the engines keep up their constant throbbing, and the boat pushes forward as if it were alive. We are now rounding a bend, now in shallow water crossing a sand bar, now taking advantage of an eddy, and now passing

with our friends, Cornelius and Mrs. Nelson, Outpost Sergeant and Color-Sergeant of Canyon City. These Comrades have a summer home on a delightful bend of the river, where they come each year and dry salmon for winter use. We entered the large smoke house, and saw a lot of fish in the process of being cured. Cornelius has no stove at this camp, all the cooking is done over an open fire as in days of old. The house is large and has a high ridge with an opening for the smoke. The floor is of earth and a large camp fire in the center heats and lights the building, while the smoke and sparks pass out through the opening in the roof. More logs were added to the fire and soon a real native supper, of three courses was prepared. First came dried salmon and oolachan grease, then berries preserved in oolachan grease of the consistency of honey. Then to finish, soap berries, so called because they are beaten up until they are a creamy lather, like soap. They taste a little like whipped cream. The Captain and the Major were given "whiteman's food"



1. Sergt.-Major Moore of Canyon City shaking hands with Major Carruthers at the boat landing. 2. A section of Canyon City from the river. 3. Some of the Comrades of Canyon City Corps, with Sergt.-Major Moore and Chief Paul Jelo McMillan.

Victory Winning On The Field



New Westminster

Ensign and Mrs. Talbot. A splendid series of weekend Meetings was recently conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne of Vancouver, much of God's spirit being felt throughout the day. The Salvation Meeting took the form of a Memorial Service for Brother Robert Young, son of Sister Mrs. Young. Our Comrade was a longshoreman, and was drowned last January in the Fraser River, his body being recovered recently. The service was a very impressive one, and spelt conviction to the hearts of a number in the Hall. Our Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Talbot, conducted the Funeral Service. We pray for those who mourn this member, and also his sister, Sister Mrs. W. Fitch, a Soldier of our Corps.

The following Monday night Staff-Captain Bourne presided at a Corps Supper, beautifully prepared by the sisters of the Home League who are doing such good work in the Corps. Following the supper the Band went out for a march, and Captain Goodwin from Vancouver, dressed in heavy fur clothing to represent an Eskimo, announced in no uncertain way, the special Musical Festival to be held that evening. The Festival was certainly enjoyable; Staff-Captain Bourne made a suitable chairman for the occasion.—W.F.

WINNIPEG SCANDINAVIAN CORPS

Staff-Captain Hunkenson and Lieut. Erickson, Hallelujah! The devil was beaten and two souls won for God in our Meeting on Sunday night last. We had a rally, glorious time, and rejoiced exceedingly when our two brothers came forward. We have had good attendances lately at this Corps, and our faith high are looking forward for better times still in the Scandinavian district.—Conqueror.

WATROUS

Captain Johnson and Lieut. Bell. We are glad to be able to report that our Harvest Festival was a complete success. One of our men, taking the Officers out into the country in his car, to gather together vegetables and other things, and we have rejoiced over one seeker. Friday night Young People's Meetings have been commenced, and we believe these are going to prove a great blessing.—C.C.

FERNIE

Captain and Mrs. Morrison. The Meetings here are continuing to be of real interest and very helpful. On Saturday night two rousing Open-Air Meetings were held, and Sunday's Meetings were well attended. After a stirring appeal by the Captain we rejoiced over one soul coming back to the Fold. On Thursday night our enterprising Home League held a very successful shower in view of their coming Sale next month. An enjoyable programme was arranged, different Comrades and friends taking part. One solo and club swinging and vocal solos were all enjoyed immensely. A tableau, "The Floral Corps," and marches by the Band contributed to the success of the Meeting. Refreshments were served at the close, a nice sum of money being the result. Our thanks to only one seeker, and we are sure there for service, one hundred percent, and all be hard to beat.—J. Dee.

MEDICINE HAT

Captains Little and Stevenson. On Monday, November 7, we started a special series of Meetings, commencing with a Half-night of Prayer, and have a blessing on them. One seeker and the blessing of Holiness, and one brother consecrated himself afresh for fuller service. On Thursday night his brother, who had been praying for some time, returned to the Fold, and is taking his stand for God. The following night the Meeting was conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Dray, who served over on behalf of the Winnipeg. The last Meeting of the series, that on Thursday night, was characterized by the testimonies of several Comrades, who spoke of blessings received during the week. We are believing for great things during the coming months.

The previous week the Home League members prepared a Welcome Tea for our Officers, when a very enjoyable time was spent. Following the supper a number of bands appeared on behalf of the various branches of the Corps, heartily welcoming our Officers into our midst.—C.S.M.

VICTORIA NOTES

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones. Captain G. Roskelley, who visited here recently, being commencing his duties in Vancouver "Grace" Hospital, was welcomed home at the Sunday night Meeting, and made a brief personal appeal. One brother was praying for some time, returned to the Fold, and is taking his stand for God. The following night the Meeting was conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Dray, who served over on behalf of the Winnipeg. The last Meeting of the series, that on Thursday night, was characterized by the testimonies of several Comrades, who spoke of blessings received during the week. We are believing for great things during the coming months.

Plans are being made for the winter months, and we pray that God's work in our midst will be extended, and souls brought to the Kingdom.—A.E.T.



THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

Is already on the field—and repeat orders are beginning to arrive. Don't be left out in the cold. Here are some of the contents:

"Christ glorified in the Communion"—by The General. "The Fact of Christmas"—by Mrs. General Booth; "The Desire of the Nations"—by Lt. Commissioner Rich; "No Room for Him"—by Commissioner Lawley; "A Stranger and yet too me in"—by the Chief Secretary; "The Love story that Influenced the World"—by Harold Begbie; "The Night of Stars"—by Colonel Wm. Nicholson; "The Shepherd Boy of Bethlehem"—by the Editor; "Christmas in Sweden"—by Mrs. Major Larson; "The Lone Log Cabin in the Woods"—by Adj. W. R. Putt; "Christmas Day in Peking"—by Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett; "Yuletide in Iceland"—by Brigadier Grausland; "Yesterday and To-day in Canadian History"—by D.O.J.; etc., etc.

GRANVILLE

Ensign Payne and Lieut. Cook. Sunday, November 6, was a day of much blessing in the Granville St. Corps, when Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne were welcomed as "Specials" for the day. From the very beginning of the morning the Open-Air Meeting to the final wind-up at night the Holy Spirit's presence predominated. Both Open-Air and indoor meetings were attended with music, song and Gospel messages attracted the attention of many passers-by, making a large crowd of listeners. The crowds attending the Meetings were excellent—larger than they have been for some time. New faces are being frequently seen, we are glad to report.

Adjutant Jackson, (a real Blood and Fire enthusiast), also Captain Houghton, spoke a few words which greatly inspired and blessed us. Mrs. Staff-Captain Bourne's solos were a source of comfort and help to each heart. In the Salvation Meeting we said farewell to Captain Partridge who has been an untiring worker in the Corps for the past two years. The Staff-Captain's address on the "Dying of Jesus" was most forceful, and as he urged the worshipers to decide we feel many were convicted.—"Conquering Overcomer."

FORGING AHEAD AT FT. ROUGE

Captain and Mrs. Cormack. Amid tears and rejoicing, prayers and praise to God, a backslider came home again last Sunday night, his return of which brought joy to the hearts of those who love him. A Life-Saving Guard who sought pardon in the Guard Spirit Meeting during the previous week, dealt long and fearfully with her chum, and was the means of leading her to the Mercy-Seat. Hallelujah! This manifestation of God's power is encouraging to all the soldiers. In this Meeting a warm and heart-felt welcome was given to Brother Peacock, Sr., who has been out of the city for some time, and is now back again, and to hear his ringing testimony. Envoys and Mrs. Peacock were also with us, and the presence of these veterans was inspiring on a degree.

A special Musical Meeting on the Saturday night was the first of what we hope to be a series of interesting gatherings. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting, and the enthusiasm had the Comrades become by the heart-warming influences of the Meeting, that they stayed for some time afterwards and finished a rousing and soul-stirring sing-song, by a "Hallelujah" march round the Hall, this spirit of enthusiasm continuing all through the Sunday Meetings.

The Sunday night Meeting the previous week, conducted by Envoy Peacock, resulted in three seekers, and the Holiness Meeting was the occasion of a re-consecration to God of all those present.—D.O.J.

The Chief Secretary at Regina

(BY WIRE)

The Chief Secretary's visit to Regina was a season rich in blessing and soul-thrilling Penitent-Form scenes at night. A visit was made on Sunday morning to Northside Corps and was greatly appreciated by the splendid crowd of Comrades and friends gathered, notwithstanding severe weather. The Colonel's message was one of real heart-searching directness and a beautiful spirit prevailed during the Meeting.

In the afternoon the Meeting in the Citadel, aided by prompt, bright, happy testimonies, was inspiring and helpful, followed by a thought-provoking address by the Colonel.

Glory crowned the Mercy-Seat at night when a beautiful spirit was in evidence. Captain Martha Murdie, the new Divisional Helper, was introduced and made an earnest appeal for surrender while the Songsters and Band entered heartily into the spirit of the gathering with their well-chosen selections. The Colonel's address was trenchant and convincing; conviction was evident as God's Spirit dealt with sinners and victory was assured when two women volunteered to the Mercy-Seat. These were followed by seven other seekers who sought and found peace.

A glorious old-time windup was enjoyed by all and many were the expressions of delight over the Colonel's visit. Adjutant and Mrs. Geo. Mundy have already won the hearts of the Comrades and all evidences point to victory ahead for the Regina Citadel Corps under their Leadership. Hallelujah!—Chas. Tuttle, Staff-Captain.

HOME ST.

Captain Lear and Lieut. Green. God is blessing our little Corps. True, we have not seen all the visible results we had hoped for, yet who can blame us? The Lord is working in our hearts by trusting and holding on in the day of "hard things." Last weekend was a blessed one, commencing with a helpful Saturday night Meeting. All day Sunday we were led on by Brigadier Merrett, accompanied by a number of soldiers, who were with us in the morning. We had one soul at the Mercy-Seat. But was that all? Oh no! Before the Meeting had been closed five minutes a young girl, by her way to the Penitent-Form, was helped by two others—all subjects of our prayers. Thank God for four victories, and a great blessing in each heart, coupled with fresh consecrations to God. We're going on.

During the week Mrs. Lt. Colonel Joy conducted a helpful and profitable Meeting with the Home League Members, her words of experience and counsel being most appreciated.—C.C.

REGINA CITADEL

Adjutant and Mrs. G. Mundy. The Meeting last weekend was of a very profitable and interesting character. In spite of very unfavorable weather a large crowd stood around the Saturday night Open-Air, and there was a good turnout of soldiers who pitched in with music and song. We had a splendid time in the Meeting that followed in the Citadel. There was a good muster of soldiers who pitched in with music and song. We had a splendid time in the Meeting that followed in the Citadel. There was a good muster of soldiers who pitched in with music and song.

The Free-and-Easy Meeting was another time of refreshing. The testimonies were led by C.C. Gladys Waterhouse and Corps Secretary May Gidley, followed by the Commandant. The Commandant delivered a stirring message. The Citadel was again well filled for the Salvation Meeting when the testimonies were led by various Comrades. Captain Cummins, who has been in Regina for about a year, farewelled for Saskatoon. J.P.S.-M. Holson spoke a few words on behalf of the Young People of the Corps and thanked the Captain for her help in this direction. Envoy Smith testified convincingly, speaking of his forty-seven years of service. After the Adjutant's strong and forceful address we had the joy of seeing one soul at the Penitent-Form.

The Citadel was well filled on Monday night when the Band and Songster Brigade gave a special Thanksgiving Festival of music and song. The Commandant's address was a most inspiring one. Songster-Leader Payne for the splendid progress made by these combinations, and for the good programme rendered.—W.G.W.

Braving the Blizzards

MOOSE JAW COMRADES BATTLE AGAINST DIFFICULTIES

Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett. This week our Moose Jaw Soldiers well to the front on the occasion of the visit of our Divisional Commander, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Tuttle, and also Captain Murdie, who is on her way to her new appointment at the D.H.Q. We had an enjoyable time on Saturday night, and in the Meeting that followed the usual Open-Air gathering we rejoiced over one sinner seeking Salvation.

Sunday dawned with the prospect of a severe blizzard, and so it turned out to be in the afternoon. However, everyone bundled up well, and the Bandmen covered their instruments and made a rattling good, cold Open-Air Meeting, marked off to the Hall for the Free-and-Easy Meeting. The program consisted of the marching of the Band and Songsters, a solo by Captain Merrett, and the impassioned address by the Staff-Captain, brought their results in the form of one seeker. The total number of seekers during the last three weeks is ten for Salvation and one for Holiness. We are still praying for more.

Our Scout Troop, under the leadership of Brother McLaughlin is doing well, as is the Corps Cadet Brigade; the numbers of the latter section of the Corps have lately been augmented by the coming of Brother Clayton Chalk. Our Comrade was transferred, a year or so ago, to the Williams Lake branch of the Bank of Montreal. He has now been returned to Vancouver, and we are delighted to see him with us again. We rejoice that he has kept faithful.—M.

SHERBROOKE ST.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughy. The Holiness address on Sunday, November 13, was given by Adjutant McCaughy, and the Meeting was a season of real blessing to all. One seeker for Holiness was registered. At night Adjutant Fletcher was in charge, and her address, from the text, "He that diggeth a pit shall fall therein," was a warning to all; she made especial appeal to the backsliders present, using several touching illustrations.



"And what are you crying about?" "The Cap'n says—boo, hoo—I'm not old enough to be a Corps Cadet."

trations. Glory be to God, we saw four souls at the Mercy-Seat at the close of her address. The joy of seeing two souls seeking Salvation; on Thursday night Adjutant enrolled a sister-Comrade as a Soldier under our star of Flag.

At the Monday night Soldiers' Meeting the husband of one of the Sunday night converts testified that he had been saved by his bedside. A church choir, previous Bandmaster and during the time his wife was being dealt with on Sunday night he had spent an hour and a half praying for her. This sister, returned to the fold, and then some people try to tell us that God doesn't answer prayer. He does, and is doing it for Sherbrooke St. We are praying for several backsliders and are confident of their return. Through our prayers eight souls have been won for God since our last report appeared. Hallelujah!—A. E. May.

THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Adventures of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Canada West by "J."



CHAPTER III

"In Which Effie Meets The Army"

The Dell,
La Prairie,
August 31st.

Dear Mums and Dad:—

I think I shall alter that heading one of these days and give Dad the preference; it isn't fair to place, that fathers should always have to take second place, especially with the daughter of the family—but I am not altering it this time.

However; all by way of preface—and I've heaps I want to tell you, and oh, I am so tired—no midnight oil for me this night, folks, so I give you due warning. Yesterday was Sunday—the Day of Rest—shades of the Patriarchs—a day of rest! Wait until I have told you all that happened. And to-day has been the school opening. I must tell you all about that—indeed, it is a job not to go on with that first, for it is freshest in my memory; but I am schooling myself to set down things in order. I gave you a promise that I would mention other things which have happened in this quiet spot. Just wait!

I must tell you about some of the new friends I have made, and if I can describe them as I feel them to be, I do not think you will worry about "the company I am keeping." I am sure your dear old hearts will be set at rest by my boarding arrangements. Nothing could be nicer, nobody could be kinder—except your own two dear selves.

Fresh Friends and Acquaintances

Ma Crompton "fusses" me to further orders. She anticipates my slightest want, and I've found out that a little of this is due to the fact that, as she says, "You are just about the age of our girl, Bessie, and I can almost imagine it might be her sitting there." This is a little kindly embarrassing, but it gives me some pleasure to know I am supplying—if only by proxy—a blank in her lovable life. But there, these asides do not get me on with my story—they only mean that my fountain pen needs filling the oftener.

I've been "down town" more than once. I went down Saturday afternoon, and made some fresh friends and acquaintances. I've seen that Transfer Agent again—I've an idea he is going to bulk largely in my experiences here (I am not pleased about it)—and that has given me a chance to make my apologies for the abrupt manner in which I left him the other morning.

"Pa" drove me down to La Prairie. It had been quite a business on "Ma's" part getting him ready.

"Oh, Pa," exclaimed she, "you can't go in that suit; surely you're going to change. You would be a sure disgrace to Miss Nott. Come in and change and put on a clear collar."

"Oh, bother," said Pa, "as if I wanted to swell up at my time of life, and the shabbier I am the better I shall set off our Effie here." To such a degree of intimacy have I been admitted.

Other Juvenile Admirers

But he did spruce up, and quite smart and gay he appeared when he and I and Brenda quivered away in the family Ford.

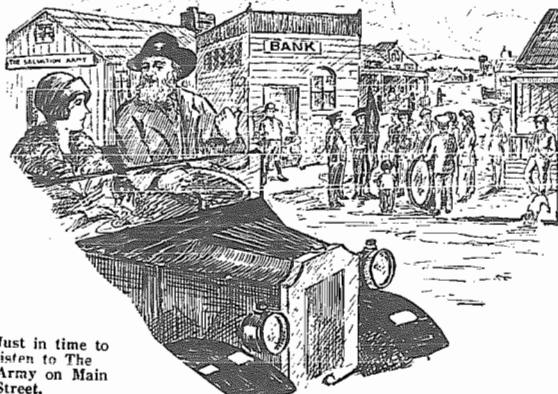
Brenda has the cutest way of cuddling alongside one. No sooner were we out of sight of the house, and she had taken her place beside me after closing the Yard Gate—sure of no disapproval from Pa, she moved close up to me, and gazed adoringly at me. It is a good thing I have had other juvenile admirers in my day.

Pa doesn't drive with the reckless abandon of Hector, and so the road took on a smoothness which it had not acquired under that young man's management; and I had an opportunity of seeing more of the scenery than I saw on my

former journey. I wish I could describe it as it really is.

On the left, every now and then, enchanting glimpses of the Lake; on the right such well kept farm lands—some of them with the threshing outfits well ahead with their work—and then there comes a dip and a turn in the road, and the drive down by the Lake-side; past the Dance Hall and the Tourist Camp, all of which are diligently, and somewhat furtively pointed out to me by Brenda. Then again across the rickety, old wooden bridge, from which one gets a full view of the wide and long sweep of the Lake; around the corner once more, and so down into the town.

As we drove down (or up—I am not sure which it is) Pa took it on himself to renew my knowledge of the various points of interest. This time I was reminded that a fine pile of buildings was the Public School, and my heart gave a jump as I realized how formidable a competitor I was to have here at such a



Just in time to listen to The Army on Main Street.

close distance. However, it cannot be helped and I must shoulder my burden in my own one-horse shack of a school-house out at The Dell—such as I understood it to be, and as I have since found out to my own unutterable anguish.

We arrived at the Depot. Pa had a call to make; he was expecting some mail-order goods from Winnipeg, and nothing would do, but he must have them sent in his own care and keeping. He is a self-managing old chap—or thinks he is, for I really suspect that "Ma" also manages him. He has already told me with great delight of his first days in Canada.

"Yes, my dear," says he, "I was hard at work for my old employer right up to within an hour of my taking the train for Liverpool, and within an hour of my arrival here in this town—twenty-five years ago—I was hard at work for a new boss."

"No need to be idle or looking for a job in those days, my girl. Things are different now; fellows don't want to work now-a-days, except they can get something in town. Don't know what the country's coming to." This last sentence with extreme vigour.

Well, we arrived at the Depot, and a vastly different looking place at 4:30 p.m. from what it is at 4:30 a.m. The Station Agent, still the same pompous little fellow. ("Can't stick that man," says Pa.)

But Pa's business was with my early-morning friend, the Transfer Agent. No need for an introduction with that man.

"Hullo, E.H.," cried he; and by this I

discovered my host was being addressed. "Hullo, George," replied Pa.

"Here's the new teacher for our school," said he, and pulled me forward.

"A nice trick you played me, young lady. I told you to wait for me the other morning, and before I could say 'knife' you were off with young Hector, and left me groping around in the dark,"—this from "George."

"Yes," said I, in my most profusely apologetic tone, "but I was so rushed off my feet." "Say"—I said more to make conversation than for any other reason—"Say, can you tell me what has happened to that poor little woman you hustled away?"

"Oh, poor little soul. I was so sorry for her, but I'd arranged with her father to put her up at my mansion until he could call for her. She is going to have a hard time of it, I'm afraid. Well, we must help her all we can."

"But, say, teacher," he boistered on—

my Sabbath plans, when he turned to Pa and said:

"You must get young Isaac to bring her along—or Brenda will do. It's sure to be a good day to-morrow—we've just got our new Officers."

Quite a splendid way of disposing of me, thought I; and scarcely mollified by the invitation to "go and see the wife," I moved off with Pa, and promised to think over the invitation for the morrow. I moved off in a kind of a daze, for truth to say, dear folks, I was somewhat submerged with this sudden rush of Salvation Army. Now I've had a chance to think it over I am not feeling so bad—and I've a sort of feeling too that you won't mind.

The Minister Gracious and Kindly

There is no need to describe my journey back to The Dell—or the various other people to whom I was introduced, although the Minister—a gracious, kindly, invalid-looking man named Mr. Small, whom we met on the sidewalk, did enquire after you as though he had known you and me all our lives. He invited me to call at The Manse and get friends with his girls.

I quite expected some more surprises, but managed to get home again with no more startling; but when we were around the supper-table, Pa gave a sly laugh, and much to my confusion said:

"Effie had a shock this afternoon when George Dale let on that our Hector belonged to The Army."

Hector gave almost a girlish grin, and said: "That's your fault for not telling her yourself; I told you she would be sure to find out." And then, with a sudden assumption of dignity, he said, "There's nothing to be ashamed of, anyhow; where I got saved is good enough for me." Whereat my fervent admirer, Brenda, spoke up and said: "Go on, Ma, tell her I belong."

"So, there you are! Now I hope you're both happy. Here I am plunged into a regular fiery atmosphere. You were always saying what a lot of good The Army does, so don't be surprised if you see me coming home in Brenda's bonnet and Hector's red sweater."

But I am running this letter out and out, and I've not yet told you about Sunday. It dawned clear and bright. Breakfast was a little later than usual; evidently to give the men a chance to get their chores done before the meal. I had another shock when Hector arrived in the kitchen arrayed in his red jersey and uniform—quite smart he looked too. Nobody seemed to think it anything unusual and I had the grace to hold my surprise.

Crank up the Old Bus

Prayers as usual—perhaps a little longer on Pa's part, and then Hector proceeded to the auto shed and began to crank up the old bus. Nothing had been said to me as to my plans, and evidently I was to be left to my own devices. So I went upstairs and got out my book—the one I had tried in vain to read on the train—and settled myself down until dinner-time.

Hector did not return to this meal, although he had sent the much misused auto back by Gus—that young man having attended him to town. By the by, Gus has already confided to me his firm determination to play in the Band at The Army.

Later on I was given to understand there was a service at my schoolhouse, and although I had at first decided I would not make an appearance there, I altered my mind, and took a walk along. It was such a lovely afternoon—hot—but for a wonder in these parts, the road was nicely shaded, and I had found a by-path through the woods. I crept into the school after they had started the first hymn, and although Mr. Small—my minister of Saturday afternoon—gave me

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Glory and Grace at the Garrison

WELL, we are all on our toes both in the I.G. and at Corps. One night we embarked the district around us and whilst two or three were left to hold on the others ran quickly in couples to the houses, knocked, usually were admitted, and talked for a short time to the people before praying with them and hurrying out to join the fast disappearing march to the next street. It was a new experience to enter a Chinese laundry, talk to the busy men whilst the washing machine was in motion, then kneel in prayer whilst they reverently bowed their heads and thanked us for calling upon them.

Did you say "War Crys"? Why, sure we can sell them—they are such a splendid means of getting in contact with the people and taking Salvation's message to them. Our brave cadet who had to go off with diptheria (and soon will be back amongst us) was very anxious that her customers should not be forgotten and made out that important list of names and addresses whilst waiting for the ambulance.

Family prayers on Monday morning are especially looked forward to because of the Geography lesson. When we enter the Lecture Hall we see suspended from a wire a map of the world.

A cadet who has previously been told (and who had been spending the midnight watches or the dawn days under the light of the exit lamp at the top of the stairs studying the Year Book) mounts the platform, points out the particular country for the week, and gives us a brief account of its geographical situation, its people, and more about its Army leaders and operations. It is surprising how our vision is widened. With wonder in our minds and gratitude in our hearts that we are permitted to be units in such a great organization we kneel together in prayer and call upon God to specially bless our Comrades the world over.

As you saw in the Notes for last week, recently we had our Spiritual Day with the Commissioner and how we were blessed. As we listened to our Commissioner and the various officers who spoke we felt that ours was indeed a high calling. Lt. Colonel Joy's pencil was busy and in the afternoon session we were all singing to the tune "Love Lifted Me"

Jesus is mine, Jesus is mine,
Oh what a salvation this,
Jesus is mine.
Jesus is mine, Jesus is mine,
He is my righteousness,
Jesus is mine.

The cold weather has arrived and last Sunday we proved that to keep warm one must keep moving. We have discovered another method to attract attention and win an audience. Two girls stand at a distance away from each other and ask each some other pointed questions on Salvation, personal experience or The Army. Our slogan now is "Be Prepared," especially when specialising. That brings us to the fact that on rushing upstairs from Bible Class to-day we discovered a campaign list on the notice board. Ten fortunate girls are going to Portage La Prairie for ten days of red-hot revival campaigning. Already mysterious whispers are going around of what we are going to do, but I must not disclose that until later. Will all the readers of The War Cry pray that we will be of much blessing there.

And now the bell has rung, and I must gather up my books, leave my cubicle tidy and rush down to the doctrine class. Just remembered, exams come off next week—no more enjoyable moments of scribbling to the Editor till they are over. (All right. We've been Cadets ourselves—Ed.)

Le Bon Dieu avec nous.

Corps Cadetship

By LT-COLONEL SIMS, Territorial Young People's Secretary

AN interesting announcement has been appearing in some recent issues of the "War Cry," calling attention to the fact that Nov. 27th is to be the Territorial Corps Cadet Day. This General Order is an indication of the great importance which our Leaders attach to the position of Corps Cadetship as a part of our great Army system.

Now, don't forget it: the greatest benefits associated with this Cadetship are those which come to its members themselves. It would be a great mistake to imagine, as so many do, that The Army is the sole gainer.

I heard a lad say a few days ago that he chose to be a Corps Cadet because he did not want to grow up a "know nothing." He had evidently sensed that to be a "C.C." added to his knowledge.

Now, knowledge is power, and the right kind of knowledge will always lift a man above those of lesser intelligence. The Salvation Army needs men and women who will bring to its service all the knowledge and intelligence that they can possible secure. The fool need not err in the way of righteousness, but that is no reason why we should be fools. The world has little use for such—why should people think that the Kingdom of God needs none better.

"In the conflict men are wanted," says one of our great war songs. Be it a Field or a Social or a Headquarters position—men (and women) are wanted.

And what goes to make such? Why, the Corps Cadet Brigade. It gives early training; affords proper Bible study under capable supervision; indicates the why and wherefore of Army regulations and practice; a clear conception of our grand doctrines and principles. Are these nothing?

Even supposing you may never enter the ranks of The Army as an Officer, is there no ambition within you to "know and do The Army"? Corps Cadetship is not intended only as a road to Officership—it is the high road to a splendid Salvationism, and without that nobody can ever fulfil all the aims of God and our Leaders for us as Salvationists until we actually attain that spirit and purpose—a real Blood and Fire Salvationism.

Can you be a Corps Cadet? You can if you have reached your fourteenth birthday. Your Commanding Officer will be glad to give you the necessary application forms. Now then, think about it; pray about it; and be a Corps Cadet.

And do get it out of your head—if the silly idea is still there—that only girls need to be Corps Cadets. Now boys, come along—join up!

Stop! Look! Listen! This is a true story

The Corps at La Prairie (Continued from page 11)



a smile from the desk, I managed to elude anybody else, and as soon as he had pronounced the benediction I slipped away. I did not want to make the acquaintance of my scholars, of whom there were a few fledgling members in the little congregation.

I arrived home in time to give Ma a hand in arranging supper—she is so grateful for such very little attentions—and it was then she confided in me about "Our Bessie."

During supper I heard it was planned for all to go out. Pa and Ma to Church, and Brenda and Gus to The Army. I was the "odd man out." I elected to go to Church. Pa was a stately figure in his Sunday clothes; Ma just "a dear"—she is that all the time. Gus—a bundle of hot looking clothes and still hotter looking face; Brenda—in a simple frock and a very ugly "Army" hat; and I—well—I.

We arrived on Main Street "just in time," as Ma said, "to listen to The Army for a bit," and I tried not to be too interested in the sight of Hector Crompton holding on to the flag-pole with one hand, a brass instrument with the other, while he stood in the midst of a little group of people and sang a solo.

Brenda had taken her place with the rest of her friends: Gus was standing on the side-walk with two or three of a like kind—all vigorously chewing gum.

Treasurer—Reeve—George Dale was with the little crowd, and was occasionally helping Hector out with a very forceful beating of the drum, thereby adding to the rhythm, but utterly destroying the rhyme. As soon as he caught sight of us in our auto he gave a vigorous salute with the drum-stick, and Pa responded with a friendly wave of the hand; Ma nodded, and I, perforce, had to smile. I must say that it did not seem quite the thing for the Reeve to be banging a drum on the street on a Sunday night, but

(Continued on column 4)

Campaigning at Canyon City (Continued from page 8)

side of the valley for a distance of three miles.

In the evening Chief Paul Jelo McMillan gave a dinner in honor of the visitors. After we had done justice to all the good things placed before us, speeches were made. The Chief made the most important one and among other things, asked the Major to interest himself in the need of a day school for the children of Canyon City who have no school. Fifteen children of school age are now living in the village and more will soon reach the age. A picture was taken the next day of the Major with some of the children. The Major promised to do his best to meet this need as soon as arrangements could be made with the proper authorities. The Major was also asked to pick out a suitable place for the Army Hall which our Comrades intend to build. All present thanked Chief Paul Jelo for his hospitality, and soon the bell was again ringing calling us to the City Hall for the night Meeting.

In the night Meeting, twelve Local Officers were commissioned and three Senior Soldiers and seven Junior Soldiers were also enrolled. Chief Paul Jelo was made Asst. Sergt.-Major and will have charge of the Corps when Sergt.-Major Moore is absent. With every important local office filled, Canyon City was showing a steady growth this coming winter.

The last Meeting was held on the morning of the third day and it took the form of a Holiness Meeting. The lesson was on "The Highway of Holiness." At the finish, seventeen were found at the Penitent-Form seeking the blessing. Such prayers and tears surely moved the great heart of God and then when all was made right the tears were turned into joy. This Meeting and its far-reaching result was worth making the trip to this far off village, over and over again.

We are soon marching down to the river boat, the engines are running; goodbyes are said and choruses sung. A new one, composed by the visitors, was introduced. It runs like this:

"I'll come again, I'll come again,
Canyon City to see."
to the tune of "Stand like the brave."

The boat has now swung into the stream, we shoot down the rapids at the mouth of the canyon, our little city fades from view but the memory of our visit will long remain with us all.

The boat is now travelling fast and in four hours we cover the distance it took us a day and a half to climb. Greenville comes in sight and also the road ship comes in sight. We are back to Kinloch before dark. An early start next morning, a stop at Port Simpson for dinner with Envoy Tait who with his Comrad leave us here. A hurried visit is made to Envoy and Mrs. Bryant who are both sick. Again we are under way and in three hours arrive in Prince Rupert, our starting point. We have spent a total of five days for this very interesting trip. Thus ended the first visit ever made to the Nas River by a Divisional Officer.—C.J.W.

The Corps at La Prairie (Continued from column 3)

nobody else seemed to think it out of place.

Quite a few other autoists were also looking on, and then we moved off to the Church—just a block behind The Army Hall—as "the comrade" (that is how they describe themselves) finished the meeting and marched across the street to the Citadel which Hector had so possessively pointed out to me on the morning of my arrival.

But gracious me, Mums, it is just midnight again, and I've told you absolutely no news; nothing at all about the opening of school to-day. That must all wait. Whatever shall I be like to-morrow morning.

Good-night, Good-night.
Your loving daughter,
Effie.
(To be continued)